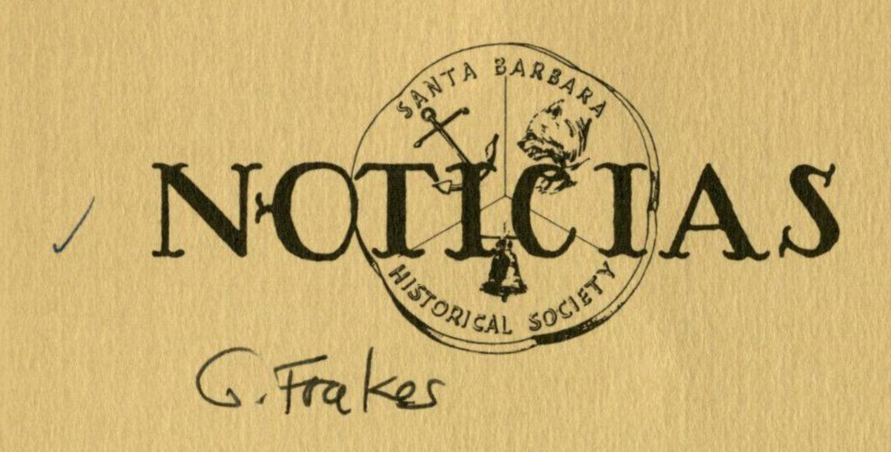
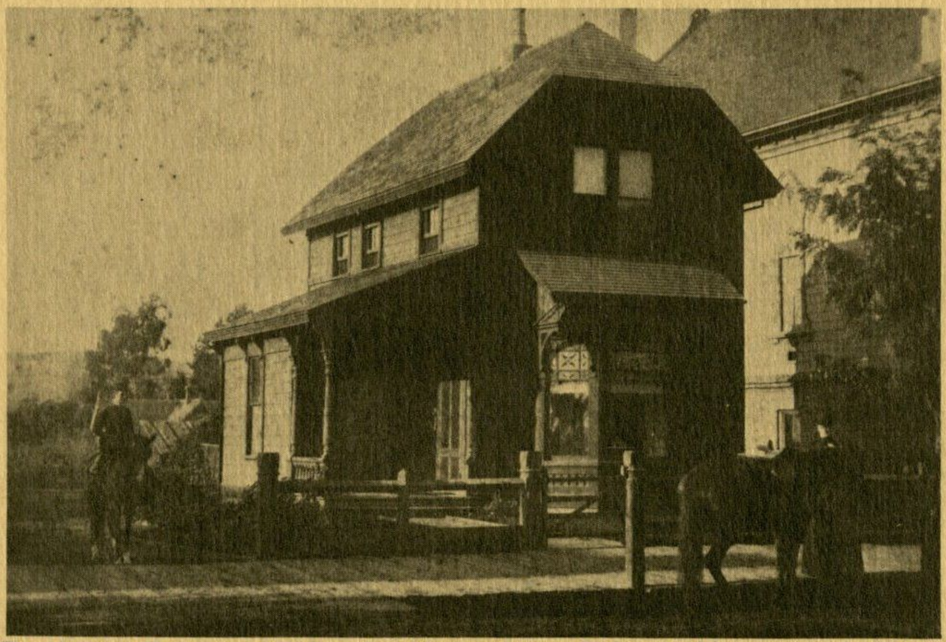
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara,
Calif.
Permit No. 534

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



G. Frakes



Dr. Harriet Belcher standing beside her horse in front of her second office-home, 1115 (?) State Street.

Vol. XXV, No. 2 Summer, 1979



State Street looking northward in the early 1880s; scarce, low buildings opposite the upper Clock Building. The priest's home, the six-windowed white structure directly in front of the Presbyterian Church spire, hides Dr. Belcher's house.

Dr. Harriet G. Belcher's Letters

Edited by Stella Haverland Rouse

The Santa Barbara Historical Society was fortunate in acquiring recently from a Philadelphia resident letters from and about Dr. Harriet Gilliland Belcher, a physician and surgeon in Santa Barbara in the early 1880s. Most of them were written to a friend, Eliza Johnson, during Dr. Belcher's student days at medical school and her years of practice. They were presented to the Historical Society by Mrs. Alan McCone, her grandniece, who commented that it is remarkable that they were preserved for so long, first by the friend, then passed on by the friend's descendants to Dr. Belcher's family. They were compiled in 1951 by Barbara Belcher, her grandniece, and now are published in the community where she spent the last five years of her life.

Although a local biography of her stated that she came here by carriage in 1870 to practice, her "class schedule" card, 1875-76, at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania is among her papers. One of her letters (July 13, 1879) states that she began her career in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1879, and others (March 27, 1882) that she came here by steamship, and (February 6, 1882) that she began practicing here in January, 1882.

More exact information regarding her three residences and office locations here was obtained from local newspapers.*

Publication of the complete series of letters regarding her medical school days and her practice would consume more space than *Noticias* is allotted, consequently significant statements have been excerpted from the letters to a friend and to relatives, and from the letters of Santa Barbara friends after her death.

Material about her life will appear in two issues: one, information about her life and professional career, the second, excerpts which reveal Santa Barbara's cultural and economic status a century ago.

Harriet Gilliland Belcher was born in 1842, the daughter of Caroline Paterson Belcher and Charles Belcher, according to a genealogical study by Helen Scofield Underwood Schureman.

"Harriet G. Belcher was the oldest, and after her mother's death in 1863, she helped her aunt Hanna Paterson take care of her brothers and sisters until they were grown or married. She had two brothers, Charles and Stephen, a sister, Elizabeth, and a stepsister, Caroline. Despite the disapproval of her family, she decided to study medicine. She was graduated from the Woman's Medical School of Philadelphia, then only 25 years old."

---

*Her addresses in Santa Barbara are given in "Women Doctors," page 30, this issue of *Noticias*.

MEDICAL SCHOOL

Most of the letters were written to a friend, Elizabeth Johnson, Newark, New Jersey. Along with her first letter (October 22, 1875) she sent a schedule of classes, which revealed that she was enrolled in classes in chemistry, materia medica, physiology and anatomy, and attended classes in the medical and obstetrical clinics:

"The clinics, though — especially surgical and obstetrical — are what try my soul. Those are lectures in which the history of cases is given and patients treated before us. To me, the scalpel on dead, insensate matter is a very different matter from wielding the surgeon's knife on the same matter living, quivering, bleeding, amid all the complications of groans and struggles. It yet needs all the resolution I am mistress of, to keep before me the real object in view, the necessities of the profession I have undertaken, the knowledge that in this way only the sufferers can be helped, not to be overwhelmed with horror and pity for the poor unfortunates who are compelled by their poverty to subject themselves to what must often seem to them a cruel and unsympathetic curiosity . . . .

"There is quite a large class of students — most of them refined, earnest, cultivated women. There are some strange-looking specimens, certainly, but very few. This is the first year in the new building, which is a fine one, very completely arranged, and fitted up, and the professors, both gentlemen and ladies, who have been working under great disadvantages for so many years, are very justly proud of it.

"The corps of professors is a very pleasant, and, so far as I am able to judge, a very competent one, some of them lecturing on the same points for Jefferson College or the University . . . ." (October 22, 1875).

Her life probably was typical of the activities of many collegians of that day, classes, study with a congenial friend in the second winter there, and sometimes sewing (November 12, 1876):

"I have come down very much in my ideas with regard to a cloak, having selected a light quality of cloth which I am going to make up in a wrap, Arab back, Dolman front, trimmed with ball fringe and wadded, but in such a way that I can take it out as spring comes, so that it will do for all seasons . . . ."

In December, 1876, she announced that she had applied for a position in the Boston Hospital from April till October, and thought that she had a good chance of obtaining it. She progressed in her work so that in February, 1877, she hoped to graduate in "a partial course, that is in three branches," and then would "enter the Boston Hospital for a year as a resident student." A letter February 18, 1877, states that at a Philadelphia hospital she spent four months in each of the medical and surgical wards, and the last four months in the dispensary.

Thesis writing occupied some time in the early part of 1878, and she also assisted in clinics or visited patients during her assignment in Boston:

"This is a specially hard time for money and work, and we come across some heartrending cases . . . . I am learning many lessons besides

professional ones, and not the least is to be more thankful each day I live for the happy, protected life I have had . . . ."

In the summer of 1878 she had an attack of erysipelas, and as on several previous occasions, was in poor health for some time. She was beginning to think of prospects for work after graduation:

"I am strongly advised by several people to settle in Burlington, Vermont, where there is no lady physician. It is thought a very good opening for one, and I am thinking quite seriously of it, as I can have excellent social introductions there, and that, of course, is of great importance. And then I like Vermont and the climate agrees with me, which is another excellent thing . . . ." (August 10, 1878).

In December, 1878, she stated that the year's course was the easiest time since she commenced to study. She had no idea yet regarding what she would do after March, when her studies were completed:

"I find that if I were willing, simply to hold my tongue on the subject of my rather heterodox religious opinions, I would have little or no difficulty in obtaining a position in India or China under some of the missionary boards, which might be more remunerative than ordinary practice for the first few years. But you can easily imagine I am not likely to take any position on such terms, though I would rather like on the whole to go abroad . . . ."

On February 5, 1879, she announced her future location for practice:

"You will be glad to hear that I have about decided on my future field of labor — not in China. I think of going to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants about three miles from Providence, which is the home of one of the students with whom I have been intimate all through my course, and where she expects to practice.

"Her preceptress, Dr. Tyng, has a good practice in Providence, and a number of patients in Pawtucket, whom she is anxious to hand over to someone else. She promises me introductions, social and professional, and all the help she can give me, and Miss Weaver does the same. Besides this, the other physicians, as a rule, are very kindly disposed to us. Dr. Tyng has been for some time a member of the State Medical Society, and Miss Weaver and myself will be, there is no doubt . . . .

"Besides this, there is some prospect that a state hospital for women with a staff of women physicians may be established in Providence within a few years, and those first on the ground will, if they succeed, have the best chance there . . . . A friend who has been settled in Troy for eight months and is already succeeding wants me to try Cohoes, which I should do if I had not had Pawtucket in view . . . ."

MEDICAL PRACTICE

Over a year elapsed before she wrote to Eliza again (November 16, 1879), saying she had had little to do, and was "having every chance to let patience have its perfect work."

Some of the cases she had treated could "only pay me in gratitude." She had been "told by everyone that I certainly will succeed, and among

my classmates and other professional friends some surprise is expressed that I have not done better already . . . .

"I suppose, on the whole, I have some excuse for being low spirited, as my money is steadily going out and very little coming. But I certainly am not so. On the contrary, I am most of the time as lighthearted as if I were eighteen instead of thirty-eight. I never was so well and strong in my life . . . ."

In 1880 she had a few more cases, and worked with Dr. Tyng on a particularly difficult one, but in July, 1880, she was "beginning to look at everyone who comes to consult me with a single eye as to how much (in cash) they are good for. And the sick ones get well so disgustingly fast that I want to poison them mildly, just to keep them hanging on my hands. And the poor ones have such a hard time in the struggle for existence that I can't find it possible to make it any harder for them, so I have to charge them very little, if anything . . . ."

Dr. Tyng had thought that she might be appointed as resident in one of Pennsylvania's insane asylums, and Dr. Belcher would take over her practice in Providence, but that possibility never materialized.

In her last letter to Eliza from Pawtucket, March 6, 1881, she said, "What different lives we are leading. Yet each, I think, has found to as great extent as one is likely to in this phase of existence the path which suits her best. Not, of course, that there is not great room for improvement in both our lots.

"I, for instance, would like a great deal more practice, having in these days quite an amount of surplus energy and an urgent desire for filthy lucre, plenty of it; but have not the least desire to return to my old life, even under much improved conditions. And you, I dare say, would have nearly the same story to tell . . . .

"I am having the usual experience of beginners, the patients come in but slowly, but all who have lately come tell me of being sent by someone who has given me a hearty recommendation. And besides that I have the good fortune to make personal friends outside of my practice, so, if I can hold out long enough, I have no doubt of doing very well in time . . . ."

Besides reading for self-enlightenment, "my additional flesh has entailed no small amount of sewing both in altering and making anew, and besides this I am consulted on matters of dress, by my different friends, to an amusing extent, and study the fashion magazines at times as gravely and intently as I do the medical ones.

"Then I am invited out to musicals and tea parties now and then, and deadheaded to concerts and lectures, finding a pleasant variety in these mild dissipations (the music in this part of the world is really first class) and I spend about two nights a week on an average with friends in Providence. So, you see, I am neither dull nor idle, on the whole . . . ."

She said that she could not afford a pleasure trip that summer. There is no indication that she was seeking a new location, but after her arrival in Santa Barbara she mentioned (November 30, 1882) that she had been

invited to go there to take the place of Dr. Anabel Stuart.* The following letters are from Santa Barbara:

SANTA BARBARA

Feb. 6, 1882: . . . I have rented my predecessor's old office, a one-story frame building on the principal street. It contains four rooms, ceilings 11 or 12 feet high. The larger of the two in front I use for a waiting and reception room, the smaller for storing trunks, boxes etc. The larger of those in the back is my sleeping room, and the smaller a private office and treatment room. Of course, I have furnished them as plainly as possible, but they do look homelike. I am often complimented upon their appearance . . . .

Feb. 17, 1882: . . . My books last month, my first here, showed more business that I ever had in Rhode Island in the same time, and this month is still better thus far. I received a really warm welcome, and have had more social calls than I have been able to keep count of, and business from the first day I opened my office, though of course nothing overwhelming yet.

I had some amusing experiences, of course, and must tell you of one. I had been in town about ten days when a child was taken with croup. It had been one of Mrs. Stuart's families, and though they had never seen me, I "was the only doctor in town whom they would trust."

They had no idea where to look for me, but knew I had been at the Arlington, so the father went there, and after spending an hour and a half of his own time, and I strongly suspect, other people's tempers, I was found and whirled up there at breakneck speed at 2 a.m. An old gentleman who was one of the victims takes the greatest delight in declaring that he has "often heard of doctors paying people to call them out of church, but I am the very first he ever knew to have a hotel and two private families routed up at midnight by way of an advertisement."

The two papers gave me a very good "send off" when I inserted my card in them, and tonight I see in one [*The Independent*]: "Miss Belcher, our new resident physician, is swiftly and surely winning the ears and confidence of the ladies of Santa Barbara. Her success and popularity are unquestioned." The secret of that little puff is that the editress came to me last week suffering woefully with an attack of piles, and meeting me yesterday told me with a beaming face that my prescription had worked like a charm. So I suppose this is an ebullition of her gratutide.

June 18, 1882: . . . For the first four months business increased steadily and I did very well. But in May it fell off two-thirds, and since, I have not much more than paid expenses. This sounds rather badly, but it is the experience of everyone in business here. The town is as yet chiefly a winter resort, though each year seems to bring more summer visitors. About May 1 the winter guests scatter in every direction, and a large proportion of the residents follow their example . . . .

---

*See "Women Doctors," this issue of *Noticias*, page 30.

I spend most of my time in my office, though I do not consider myself obliged to be here except during my hours — from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 — but unless I have other engagements generally stay here until about 8 p.m. and then go over to where I sleep, just round the next corner . . . .

Nov. 30, 1882: . . . I think my success is assured, that is, so far as making a comfortable living is concerned. Whether it will ever be more than that I have some doubt. My predecessor did far better, and just now I am having some trials in consequence of the fact that she greatly regrets having left here, and if I were to give up, would return at once. Of course, her old patients are all anxious that she should do so, and recently I have had a few hints to that effect, which I have no intention of taking; since I came here at her invitation and wish, there is no reason why I should do so . . . .

What a hard summer you must have had. I can think of nothing more wearing than the care of such an invalid — so far worse than a child. Indeed, I do hope, my dear, that neither of us will ever come to such a pass.

No one can have more dread of a lingering illness than a physician; we see so much of its horrors. If ever you hear of my sudden death, remember that that was the one thing I especially desired in connection with it, and it has appeared to me recently, that the wish might be realized some time, for I have a few symptoms which seem to point to heart trouble — very slight and not definite, but if they increase I mean to ask the advice of one of my professional brethren, with some of whom I am on very good terms, and so far am far better off than my predecessor, whose husband, also a physician, had made himself obnoxious to them, so that the dislike not unnaturally reacted upon her . . . .

My life has settled into a sort of routine. I have made a number of friends, and my office being central and the front room a pleasant place to rest or wait, they often drop in when going up or down, and if I am engaged I just let them amuse themselves; otherwise am very glad to pass the time in chatting. There are many delightful people here and I have found my way into a very pleasant set socially. But it is a rather sad place, too. No one comes here unless they or some member of the family are invalids, and many just come to die. Few remain very long, and you are continually bidding them goodbye, and in some cases that is a real trial . . . .

I must tell you of a drive I had a short time since as a specimen of my occasional experience. I was sent for to go twenty miles out into the country to see a very serious case of erysipelas (think of being twenty miles from a doctor!) and started at 4 p.m. with an Indian half-breed as driver and a pair of fast horses, the man professing to know all about our destination.

But when he reached the nearest town, (!) a collection of three or four forlorn adobe huts, I found I had to state where I wished to go, and then he received numerous directions in Spanish — which were all Greek to me — as to how we were to go up the canyon, etc. Of course, it was

dark by this time, and the moon so young as to set by 8:30, and it was impossible to follow a very winding road under the dense live oaks.

Our first adventure was to drive into an open space on top of a hill and scatter a group of coyotes — the first of the creatures I had seen — and they scudded off in the dim light without a sound in a way that was positively ghostly.

There was no trace of a road, and so we drove down and round until we were in it again and proceeded until we found ourselves mounting over the trunk of a tree, when we had to explore again. The third time we lost it, I was left to hold the horses while he hunted for it, and then we proceeded smoothly a while till the horses suddenly stopped. I was just on the point of telling him not to urge them, when he applied his whip and they plunged out of sight. In an instant, of course, we followed them down the steep bank, fortunately not very high, into the dry bed of a stream, over boulders and I don't know what, and finally up the opposite bank, the buggy, a handsome one, creaking, groaning and straining at a fearful rate.

Just here the man triumphantly announced that he saw a light — but how to get to it was a question, for we seemed to be in a perfect wilderness, but I was left again and the road soon found. My poor driver appeared rather overwhelmed by my emphatic declaration that unless he found a better way back to the road than the one by which he had left it, I should get out and walk. He plaintively explained that he "had been there before, but it did look different by daylight."

I was not obliged to harrow his feelings to that extent, however, and we soon reached the house, to find that it was not the one we wanted. But we had a guide from there and no further trouble. That we had traveled well you may judge when I tell you that in spite of our adventures in the canyon we reached the house at 6:30. I remained until 7:40, and then one of the young men escorted us out of the canyon with a lantern, and we reached home at 10:15, instead of 3:00 a.m. as I expected when I started.

But how I wished for someone who could enjoy it with me — that is, the drive out. Every now and then we were in sight of the sea, and were driving due west so that we had full benefit of the sunset. And I never saw more exquisite color than the crimson afterglow behind the brilliant dark blue of the sea and the new moon and Venus just above. It was just too provoking to have only an Indian for a companion . . . .

Sept. 16, 1883: . . . The study of human nature as seen from the standpoint of a physician grows more and more interesting to me. Sooner or later, if you see much of your patients, you find the true self. Most of us act, more or less unconsciously, to the world in general, but there come times when, for the physician, all disguises are stripped off, and I am sometimes almost appalled at the kowledge I have of the inner lives of those who come to me, often far more than they are in the least aware of, much of it painful beyond expression, and yet, as one of the other doctors said not long since, "No one knows so well as we how much of good there is in humanity," an opinion which rather surprised me, from

him, as I have always regarded him as rather pessimistic in his opinions....

HER NEW OFFICE

May 25, 1884: . . . Ever since I have been here I have cast longing eyes at a certain vacant lot which would be an admirable location for me. Well, that lot has been purchased and a house is to be built on it, modelled on my plans. The only drawback is that the owner is one of my professional brethren who means eventually to occupy it himself, but I will have it for two years, anyhow. It will be a tiny old maid's hall — three rooms and woodshed on first floor and two rooms above, and there will be a stable, also.

I shall have "religious privileges" certainly, for the Presbyterian Church will be on one side, and on the other, separated only by a beautifully kept garden, the Catholic priest's house, while his church is opposite. I hope I may be in it by September. But it may be longer . . . .

March 15, 1885: . . . I feel as if I would give a good deal for an icy wind, a glimpse of city life, and not least, an escape from the constant hearing and seeing of the "ills that flesh is heir to." There are days when it seems to me I am not fifteen consecutive minutes without interviewing someone, and when I am well I enjoy it, but three years without change have told upon me.

My friends have been worrying for some time, and now my nerves have suddenly seemed to give way, and I am going to take the best remedy. Though I want to hold out till May if possible, for the town is quite full now, and so I have more to do than usual, being what I never expected to be, rather the fashion. About that time the crowd begins to lessen and I shall not lose so much by going [to San Francisco for a month] . . . .

October 4, 1885: . . . I have had a fatiguing summer on the whole, not only rather more business than usual at this season, but several cases which have caused me a good deal of anxiety and none the less that they have been of a kind to occasion rather a furor among the gossips, of which we have the number proverbial in small towns.

One was a case where I took off a breast for cancer, though two other physicians here had not considered that the disease. I proved right, however, and my patient has recovered in spite of a feeling among some of her friends that she would die because I had operated. Another was the worst case of hysteria that I have ever had on hand — and fifteen miles out in the country, too, and I can assure you it is not the easiest thing in the world to take a thirty-mile drive sometimes several days in succession. I had eight weeks of that, and finally married her off and sent her to a cold climate, where at last accounts she is thriving.

Hardly had I sent her off when one of the homeopathic physicians*

*According to Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary*, Hemopathetic physicians "followed a system of medical practice that treats a disease especially by the administration of minute doses of a remedy that would in healthy persons produce symptoms of the disease treated." Business cards of several such practitioners (men and women) appeared before, during and after the time Dr. Belcher was here.

came and asked me to take a case of puerperal insanity off of his hands, and though I have no doubt of her ultimate recovery, it may not be for months, and both she and her baby were in a wretched state and gave me no end of anxiety at first. I am glad on the whole that I am in a small place where I cannot have a really extensive practice, for I think that I shall never break myself of taking every case to heart and worrying over it as if it were all perfectly new to me . . . .

HER THIRD HOME

October 5, 1886: . . . In January I received notice to give up my pretty little house at the expiration of the lease in August, and in spite of all my efforts, it was late in March before I could make any arrangement that would do at all for me. In May my friend Mrs. Schermerhorn left me permanently and went East to take care of her sister's motherless children, and I have been living entirely alone ever since.

The last week in June, as I had not insisted upon signing the lease at the time I engaged the house in March, I was thrown overboard in the most dishonorable way, and found myself entirely adrift again, six weeks before I was to have moved, and don't know what I should have done, but some friends, hearing of my dilemma, came and offered me all the money I needed to buy a lot and build a house, they taking no security but the property, and I paying interest which amounts to rather less than the rent I had been paying. It is needless to say I accepted the offer, and after a good deal of difficulty secured a lot in a very good location,* 50 by 150, and have put up a house similar to the one I left externally, but better built and inside much better arranged and a very prettily finished inside.

I planned it, engaged my builder, and secured the carpenters all myself. The spade was first put in the lot July 12th, and on September 8th I was comfortably settled in it, and found that I had made for myself the reputation of an excellent business woman, for they say no building in town has gone up so promptly, well and smoothly. I had not a single unpleasant word or experience of any kind from first to last. The house is perfectly satisfactory in price and all, and my lot has already more than doubled in value since I bought it.

I have been fortunate, too, in buying a highly cultivated piece of ground. Literally, I have my own vine and fig trees, with orange and English walnuts, also, and on one side I overlook a garden always full of bloom and containing many rare plants. A banana fifteen feet high and now in bloom overhangs my line. In front I have a very large pine tree, and a shrub, a rare variety of acacia, and have had the lawn and walks laid out with reference to them. I have a nice barn and corral, and my steed, "Tam O' Shanter," also a recent acquisition, resides there in solitary state, as I do in the house . . . .

Of course, I hope in time to pay off the debt and really own my house,

---

*On the south side of West Victoria Street, between De la Vina and Chapala Streets.

and if my practice increases as it has done heretofore and in proportion to the probable growth of the place, I will certainly be able to do so, if I can manage to keep myself well. I feel the anxieties and responsibilities of my profession very keenly, and am apt to be pretty well used up, mind and body, when, like everybody else, I lose my patients, unless — as very often happens here — it is some case of long standing where the inevitable end has been expected. But even then, so many of my patients are also my personal friends that it is very trying . . . .

* * * *

Among the collection of letters is one apparently written by a former California friend, from Geneva, New York, September 28, 1886, to Dr. Belcher regarding her problems with the previous landlord:

. . . Every time I think of Dr. Bates stepping in and reaping the benefit of the reputation you gave the other office (sic). You must let me know whether he keeps it looking as attractive as you used to. I'm so glad that Mr. Sawyer did so well by you. Let me know how you came out with the expense, for I'm curious to see how it will compare with the State Street house, and which is the smarter business man, you or your rival ghost . . . . Marie.

* * * *

Dec. 4, 1886: . . . There is, of course, nothing handsome or expensive about [my new house], but it is so pretty and harmonious that people often come to look at it and get ideas . . . . I have achieved the reputation of being an excellent business woman, which is about the last thing I ever expected to do . . . .

HER ILLNESS AND DEATH

That is Dr. Belcher's last complete letter in the collection. A fragment, probably written in the spring of 1887, after surgery, says, "It is still exceedingly doubtful whether I shall recover as before, and be able to lead an active life, or whether I shall be more or less of a chronic invalid, with a probability of sudden death, which, I earnestly hope, in such a case would come quickly."

Letters written later from her doctor and friends here informed Eastern relatives that she had an operation on March 6, and another in April. The symptoms enumerated to Dr. J. H. Wroth, a cousin, by Dr. M. Gilmore, a 27-year-old Santa Barbara physician, indicate that the ailment probably would be diagnosed today as chronic regional enteritis, according to Dr. Nils W. Bolduan, of the Santa Barbara Historical Society.

The following excerpts from letters of friends tell about her last days, and the esteem in which she was held in the community:

May 15, 1887, from Grace Arnold to Eliza Johnson, her friend:

. . . Dr. Belcher has really managed her own case all through these weeks, and there was no one who could assume any control or authority over her, as she has always been perfectly conscious and clear headed . . . .

[On Friday, May 13, she suddenly became worse] and consented to let us send for a trained nurse, whose services her friends had been urging upon her for some time, and said for the sake of Dr. Gilmore she would also have a consultation held . . . . [Dr. Bates was called in.]

She has had the most devoted attention and her friends have been only too eager to make consideration of expense entirely unnecessary to her.

You can have no idea of the courage, dignity, patience and loveliness with which she endures her suffering and weakness. It makes waiting on her such a privilege that her friends feel it is an honor to be with her.

She fully realizes her situation and says death has no terrors for her. She has said many times that she was a poor subject for surgery, and she knew from the condition of her blood that an operation, however slight, was a dangerous thing for her.

I wish I might make you realize the honor and love in which she is held here. Her professional reputation is very high, and her charming and sympathetic manners attract everyone. I have never seen anyone with more devoted friends . . . .

* * * *

May 16, 1887, Harriet Belcher to her brother, Stephen:

I don't expect to hold a pencil again, as I have not been able to for several days, for my wish is granted, and I am dying in the midst of my life and work, and though there are plenty [of people] to write to you, I wanted to say goodbye myself . . . . I wish I could see some of my own — it is about the only wish I have left except that the end should come quickly, and it is likely to; my affairs are pretty straight, and all provided for . . . .

* * * *

June 2, 1887, Dr. M. Gilmore to Dr. J. H. Wroth, a cousin:

. . . Words would fail to tell you the depth of sadness into which many hearts are plunged here as well as elsewhere. I think half of Santa Barbara feels robbed of its greatest pride and delight. The dear doctor had little idea of this till the last, and was very happy in the realization of it.

June 1, 1887, Hanna C. Moor, executrix and friend, to Elizabeth Underwood:

Her affairs were so well arranged in preparation for this illness and the possible result that there will be nothing complicated in settling her estate, I think.

June 12, 1887, Rebecca C. Moor, executrix and friend, to Eliza Johnson: . . . My sister and I came to Santa Barbara two years ago, not knowing a person here. We were so fortunate as to board where the

doctor was taking her meals. We soon became friends, and now it seems as though we had always known and loved her. Perhaps the similarity of our positions drew us together, as we were among the bread winners and were seeking a home.

We took a large house, repaired and furnished it, and have made a pleasant home for ourselves, and we hope for others, by taking boarders. The Doctor was much interested in our plans and very proud of our success.

Last July the pretty home she has just left was begun . . . . [She was] happy to have a pretty and tasteful home suited to her own purpose. She bought of a woman* who would sell to no one else a lovely spot in the midst of an old garden. She was surrounded by choice trees and flowers, and from her open doors and windows there was a fine view of the mountains she loved so well.

Her practice had got to be a fine one, and it seemed as though she was now ready for a long and happy life. In our intimacy with her we knew she was not a strong woman, but she was regarded by many as the picture of health and activity. There was no one in town who was [so] loved and who will be missed by so many. People came to me during her illness and asked, "What shall we do without her?" My heart echoes the question every day . . . .

The autopsy showed that she could not have lived much longer even if she had not had to undergo the operations, and we must not be selfish and wish for her to be here an invalid. She died a happy woman, well assured of her success in life, and meeting death as calmly and bravely as though it had indeed been but "going into another room."

July 3, 1887, Hannah C. Moor to Mrs. Elizabeth P. Underwood, a sister:

. . . I want you to know that she was always prettily dressed, not expensively, but very tastefully, and that she was a handsome woman as I suppose you have always known. For two years she has worn her very gray hair in a pompadour roll, and, with her tall, slight, graceful figure, she was a most noticeably stylish person in any company.

When I think of the years that have passed since you have seen her, I realize that she may have changed somewhat, but I am sure it was for the better. Her photo which was taken when she left home seven years ago we have sent for to Philadelphia. I wish that the hair was different in it. Still, it is good in other respects . . . .

* * * *

Dr. Belcher made a will on March 19, 1887, saying that after business affairs were settled, $1000 should be sent to her brother, Stephen P. Belcher, to be applied to the payment of a note endorsed by him for Dr.

---

*Mrs. Elsa J. Dimmick, widow of L. Norton Dimmick, an avid horticulturist.

Belcher. Any amount over $1000 was to be divided into four equal parts to be given to two brothers and two sisters, Charles, Stephen, Caroline E. Nichols and Elizabeth P. Underwood.

She asked that she be cremated if a crematory furnace had been established at Los Angeles; otherwise, she wished to be buried as quietly as possible in Santa Barbara.

The Morning Press, May 31, 1887, announced that Dr. Belcher died early the previous morning at her residence on West Victoria Street. "She came to this city about five years ago and from the start enjoyed a large practice in her profession, in which she stood high. Among her friends were the very best people of Santa Barbara and vicinity, and she leaves a host of them to mourn her loss."

Funeral services were held at her late residence May 31, 1887. "The brief but impressive services were conducted by Rev. A. W. Jackson. Her remains were interred in the lot of J.S.G. Oliver in the Santa Barbara Cemetery."

In January, 1888, Hannah Moor sent to Mrs. Underwood a "draft on New York for the sum of $147.25, the amount due you as one-fourth share of your sister's estate. We are very glad to have everything settled, and we have the satisfaction of feeling sure that the sale of the house was made at a fortunate time, for since then Santa Barbara has experienced a change and dull times have prevailed."

Santa Barbara's Early Women Doctors

In order to establish Dr. Belcher's chronological succession in relation to other women doctors here in the early days, we are including a brief sketch of some of the early women practitioners:

DR. JANE E. SPAULDING, superintendent of the Cottage Hospital for a number of years, was born in 1832, and was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. She was one of the first three women doctors to practice medicine in the country.

"She first came to Santa Barbara in 1873, and soon had one of the largest practices in the surrounding country. Her eyes failed her and she left for the east, where she recovered her sight."

Her card in the Press in August, 1879, read: "Miss J. E. Spaulding, M.D., Homeopathic Physician. Office in Pierce's Block. Residence at the Arlington. Office hours, 10 to 12 o'clock, a.m."

Cottage Hospital directors in 1892 induced her to leave a large practice in Larned, Kansas, to superintend the new hospital, where, after an outstanding career, she died in 1913.

DR. ANABEL STUART: An announcement regarding Dr. Stuart's arrival appeared in the Daily Press February 17, 1879: "Anabel McG. Stuart, who has opened an office in Santa Barbara, attended her first course of lectures in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, taking a special course in the Chemical Laboratory; subsequently graduating at the Electro-therapeutic College, Philadelphia. On November 5, 1878, she graduated, M.D. at the Medical College of the Pacific, San Francisco, being one of four who stood at the head of the class. She was the only woman in the senior class."

Her "Professional card" stated that her office was with Dr. A. B. Stuart, residence with Mrs. Giddings, Garden Street.

Dr. A. B. Stuart, apparently her husband, was a Civil War surgeon. According to the Daily Press, April 7, 1879, he departed for Minnesota, "leaving for an indefinite time." No record can be found of Dr. Anabel Stuart's departure.

DR. HARRIET G. BELCHER: On January 18, 1882, the Daily Press announced: "A lady physician has established herself in Santa Barbara and will occupy the office formerly used by Mrs. Dr. Stuart. If she proves as able in her profession as her predecessor, her success in Santa Barbara is assured." Her "Business card" gave her address as "State Street, nearly opposite the Clock Building," which was at the southeast corner of State and Carrillo Streets. A local biographer says she roomed in a house which stood at about 12 E. Carrillo Street. The location of her office was too damp for living, she said. Later, she moved into an office-home which stood on State Street below the Presbyterian Church which was at 1117 State, and across from the Catholic Church, State and Figueroa Streets.

When her landlord wanted that building, she was aided by friends in buying a lot in block 109, about in the center of the block, facing West Victoria Street, and between De la Vina and Chapala Streets.

(It would be at the rear of the Louise Lowry Davis Recreation Center.) The deed of a portion of the late L. N. Dimmick's property is recorded in Book 25, page 408, Deeds of Santa Barbara County.

DR. MARY S. PUTNAM followed Dr. Belcher a year after her death. She was graduated from Women's Medical College and Hospital of New York City, and also had studied in Europe. In 1885 she was the only woman physician on the New York City Board of Health.

Apparently she was an adventurous soul, for "at the time of Geronimo's surrender she was sent out by the Indian Bureau to the Apaches and for some time was the only white woman on the reservation." She had an uncle, Victor B. Post, in Santa Barbara. She bought land and was building on the Pedregosa Tract, but would have her office "in the Hawley building over the drug store."

"She claims that clairvoyant diagnosis of disease added to science makes treatment doubly accurate, and that the gift denotes a natural born physician." — Morning Press, May 6, 1888.

DR. LOIS F. MANSFIELD: Another woman doctor had visited Santa Barbara while Dr. Belcher was practicing here. On June, 5, 1894, the Morning Press announced that Dr. Lois F. Mansfield was coming here from Watertown, New York. "She is a pioneer lady physician, the first to be admitted to the Jefferson County Society. While on a visit here eight years ago, she purchased the large house and property on Anacapa Street that was occupied some time since by the Arlington Jockey Club, and which she will now make her residence and office." Her office was listed as 1328 Anacapa Street in the 1907 City Directory. In June, 1911, a newspaper story calling her "the oldest woman practitioner in the city" said that she was going with Dr. Rexwald Brown, Dr. Benjamin Bakewell and Dr. C. S. Stoddard to attend the Los Angeles convention of the American Medical Association.

DR. IDA V. STAMBACH, a much-loved physician, began practicing here in 1889. She was a graduate of Hahnemann Medical College in San Francisco, and was a great civic benefactress.

There were a few other "lady doctors" whose careers are more obscure. Dr. Caroline Guild, also a graduate of Hahnemann Medical College, practiced some here and in Oakland. Dr. Belle Reynolds was a Civil War "veteran" who practiced here, and also served during the American occupation of the Philippines in 1898.

S.H.R.

Dr. Belcher's Neighbor

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Dr. Belcher mentioned in her letter of May 25, 1884, that her neighbor was the Catholic priest in charge of the church across the street. Miss Rosario Curletti, who checked Our Lady of Sorrows church records for that period, found that Father Jaime (sometimes Anglicized to James) Vila signed various church records about that time.

Archie Rice, who came here in 1873 at the age of two, and who lived here until the early 1900s, when he left to follow a successful newpaper career, stated that Father James Vila occupied the entire second floor of the northwest corner building at Figueroa and State Streets. (Santa Barbara News-Press, December 24, 1929.)

The first floor of the large building was rented for about thirty years to the Goux Brothers who conducted a wholesale liquor concern.

Father Vila, a longtime, dignified resident, dressed in tailored black broadcloth and carrying a black ebony cane with a thick white ivory handle, went on daily walks to the Arlington Hotel three blocks away. "He was elaborately polite as he strolled silently and determinedly along the wooden sidewalk on the west side of State Street."

Our 1979 President

Gene M. Harris was born in Lompoc, California, May 12, 1909, the son of T. L. Harris, a newspaper man connected with the Lompoc Record and the Santa Barbara Daily News, and later a Santa Barbara County Deputy Auditor. His mother was Emma W. Harris. There were two older brothers, Clark M. Harris, deceased, and Ralph N. Harris, now living in Pasadena.

He came to Santa Barbara in 1914 and attended local schools for several years, after which he lived in Orange Cove, California, from 1919 to 1924. He graduated from Santa Barbara High School in 1926, and from Santa Barbara State College (now UCSB) in 1930.

He then went to University of Southern California's School of Law from which he graduated in 1933. After passing the California Bar examination he went to work for Griffith and Thornburgh.

In 1935 he opened his own law office in association with Harry W. T. Ross. Eleven years later he formed a partnership with Mr. Ross under the firm name of Ross and Harris, now Harris, Parke and Barnes.

Santa Barbara had its youngest councilman when Gene was elected to the Santa Barbara City Council at the age of twenty-five in 1935, and was re-elected in 1937 and 1939. Two of his successful promotions were securing the National Guard and Naval Reserve Armories for Santa Barbara.

He was commissioned Lieutenant Junior Grade in the U. S. Naval Reserve in June, 1939, and went to active duty at the U. S. Naval Training Center in San Diego, April 1, 1941, where he served as Assistant Provo Marshal, Legal Officer and finally Administrative Assistant to the Commanding Officer. Promotions came rapidly to this dedicated naval officer, and he became a full lieutenant in 1942, Lieutenant Commander in 1943, Commander in 1945 and Captain in 1949.

In 1944 he went to sea as Chief Staff Officer of Destroyer Squadron 56 aboard the U.S.S. Newcomb — Destroyer 756. Gene later was made Chief of Staff of the Commander of all destroyers in the Fire Support and Bombardment Group at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. The Newcomb was knocked out of action April 6, 1945, by six suicide planes, in which action he was wounded.

He received the Unit Commendation, Bronze Star, Legion of Merit and Purple Heart for service in operations at Leyte Gulf, Omoc, Mindoro, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and the surrender of the Naval Base at Hikado.

When released from active duty January 21, 1946, he returned to Santa Barbara and his law practice.

During his years in Santa Barbara, Gene has been active in many civic affairs. When the Naval Reserve Armory was being constructed in 1940, he represented the 11th Naval District. He helped establish the Small Craft Training Center at the Armory in 1943, and was responsible for the Armory and its contents being kept open after World War II ended, resulting in Santa Barbara having the first Naval Reserve Unit

in the 11th Reserve District after World War II. He had command of the local Composite Unit of the Naval Reserve for several years.

For forty-nine years Gene has been connected with Scouting, as a Boy Scout, Scoutmaster, a member of the Executive Board, Council President, and member of Region 12 (California, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington and Hawaii) Executive Committee.

The City of Santa Barbara has benefited from his management ability by his membership at different times on the City Planning and the Harbor Commissions. He was the Mayor's Military Aide for several years, in charge of activities for visiting Navy ships.

He served on many civic committees of the Junior and Senior Chambers of Commerce, the United Way and Old Spanish Days, and is a board member and Past President of Hillside House.

He worked with fellow attorneys as President for two terms of the Santa Barbara Bar Association.

He is a 32 Degree Mason, a Shriner, a member of Magnolia Lodge 242.

Golfing is one of Gene's diversions from these many activities. An avid sailor, he was a co-owner of the Swift of Ipswitch, and owner of the Vagabond. In recognition of his maritime abilities he was appointed



by Governor Goodwin Knight as a member of the Board of Governors of the California Nautical School, serving from 1955 to 1961. Locally, he was Judge Advocate of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club for two terms.

Gene Harris and Elisabeth Dearman were married on July 7, 1928. They had two daughters, Patricia Lee and Charlotte Jane, both now deceased. There are four grandchildren, Wayne M. Miller, Patricia L. Miller, Bradley L. Miller and Dale A. Miller.

Gene will have the support of his wife, "Lee", who for many years has been as interested in local history as he. She arrived in Santa Barbara with her mother and father two months before her sixth birthday. Strangely enough, her husband of over fifty years attended her sixth birthday party.

She recalls that shortly after they arrived, they were befriended by Nellie C. Wood, an early-day teacher here and a relative of the Sexton family here and the Foster family in Ventura. Through her she met wonderful "oldtimers", and listened to their memories, as well as to those of "Auntie Nell's" teacher friends. That was a fine introduction to Santa Barbara history, she says.

She values the wonderful experience of education from first grade through high school in Santa Barbara, and the friends she met there. She recalls particularly the enthusiasm Miss Jeannette Ellison kindled in history in her four high school years. As a school girl she was further indoctrinated in Santa Barbara history when she and her classmates were marched to see an afternoon performance of "La Primavera", the predecessor of our Old Spanish Days Fiestas. As an older student she danced in the first three Fiestas in Faye Porter's group.

The young Harrises met and became good friends of Charles Gordon Davey, who, as president of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce was instrumental in starting and naming Semana Nautica, our successful summer maritime sports festival, of which Gene later served as President.

Lee says that the years flew by with her two children, and the establishment of Gene's law practice. World War II disrupted many peoples' lives, and then the year was 1958, and she, a grandmother, suddenly had time for other activities than so many family responsibilities. Wisely, and fortunately for the Santa Barbara Historical Society, she decided that she should devote her leisure time to some deserving organization. Remembering her love of history, she joined the Santa Barbara Historical Society, hoping that the members would find something to keep her busy. The Women's Projects Committee was being formed then to restore and show the Fernald House. She has worked with that group ever since, and has enjoyed devoting her time to a cause which has the support of such interesting and wonderful people.

With all Gene's diversified activities, he has found time to serve the Historical Society as a member of the board from 1973 to 1977, legal advisor to it in 1978, and now President. Since the Historical Society has a team of such dynamic and interested persons, it should have a very successful year. — S.E.R.

NEW MEMBERS

ACTIVE

Mrs. Vera Eaton Amey
Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Canatsey
Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Carlisle
Mrs. Elsbeth Carstens
Mrs. Richard Evans
Ann Sloan Fletcher
Mr. Donald R. Foyer
Mrs. Helen W. Foyer
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller
Dr. and Mrs. Carroll Pursell
Rev. Francis J. Weber

SUSTAINING

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Merrill
Mrs. Joseph R. Osherenko
Mrs. William Weisman

CONTRIBUTING

Sam and Barbara Coggins
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Hammett
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Montgomery
Westpac Shelter Corporation

STUDENT

Mr. John F. Elliott

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Charles Gartrell
Mrs. W. Edwin Gledhill
Mrs. Martin Elmberg

Classes of membership: Benefactor, $5000.00 or more; Life, $1000.00; Patron, $500.00; Fellow, $100.00; Associate, $50.00; Contributing, $25.00; Sustaining, $15.00; Active, $10.00; Student, $5.00.

Contributions to the Society are tax exempt.

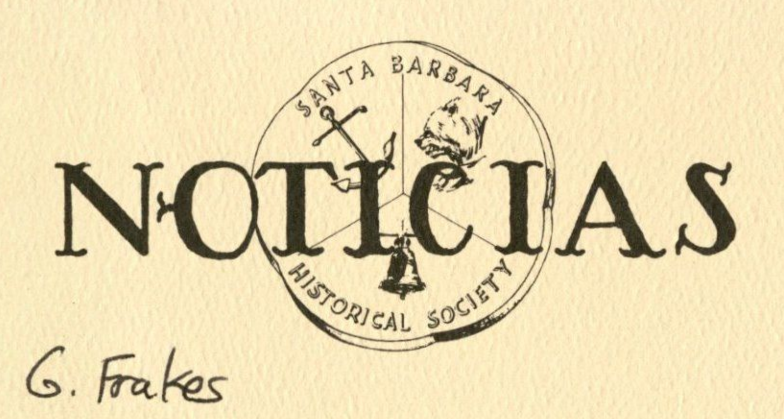
Mailing Address:
136 East De la Guerra Street • Santa Barbara, California 93101

An index of articles published in *Noticias* can be consulted in the Gledhill Library.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara,
Calif.
Permit No. 534

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



Cold Spring Tavern, circa 1914 — S.B. Historical Society

Vol. XXV, No. 1 — Spring, 1979



Dr. William J. Mellinger in his cactus garden Margaret M. Griffin

A Trout Club Tale

By Margaret Mellinger Griffin

Fifty years have elapsed since the San Marcos Trout Club was conceived and its development begun. In retrospect there is much to recall about the San Marcos Pass area's San Jose Canyon retreat which was the pride of fourteen Santa Barbara business and professional men. One of them was my father, William J. Mellinger, M.D.

What were the charms of this place which lured these people? Beauty and serenity were two. Oaks, pines, manzanita, poison oak, choke cherry, ceanothus and scrub oaks grew abundantly on the hill-sides and tables of flatland in the canyon. A veritable wild animal park existed within its boundaries. Deer, birds of many kinds, lizards, large gray squirrels, snakes, 'possums and other small wild species were at home there. The good varieties outweighed the poor, so a pleasant balance was maintained.

People felt free to roam without fear, to breathe the fragrant, clear air, sleep without disturbance and enjoy a spectacular view of Goleta Valley and the ocean 1500 feet down the mountainside. Sweet, unadulterated water from a spring on the canyon wall above San Jose Creek furnished water for the newcomers. In the meantime, almost all year long, San Jose Creek, in the canyon below the cabin sites, flowed toward the Pacific. Its waters tumbled over huge boulders, at the same time filling deep holes, the home of native trout, and the prospective "old Swimming Holes" for those persons not afraid of low temperatures. The entire acreage was meant to be a convenient hideaway. It certainly had all of the qualifictions.

By May of 1928 San Marcos Pass had been improved, according to press reports, so persons could travel without worry. Obviously those of us whose destination was the Trout Club were happy to find the trip from Santa Barbara took less than an hour, exact times depending upon the quality of transport. Once down the winding, ribbon-like road to the Trout Club at the floor of the canyon at that elevation, one felt completely out of touch with the urban scene that was Santa Barbara.

While planning individual mountain homes, members of the organization installed water tanks and pipelines, improved existing roads and built a trail down to the beautiful San Jose Creek, on whose banks they constructed several large pools. These were not swimming pools, so popular today. They were trout pools! The perimeter of the upper flatland consisted of building sites. Toward the center were a large picnic area, barbecue pits, a circular roadway and a children's playground. Building sites also existed along the winding roads down to a lower level meadow, around the hill toward the oceanside, and on up the hill to the upper flatland. Plans for a clubhouse, swimming pool and tennis courts never materialized. The economy of the next decade may have been the reason.

Father's first piece of land there was probably the largest site available. Legend has it as the original owner's property, withheld when the first sale of surrounding land had taken place. When the Mellingers took possession, a small "shack," as Mother termed it, stood on a cleared area almost in the center of the entire upper area. It was by this little patch of ground that many years of our lives were influenced. It was the first hub of our mountain activities, the place my father had for "getting away from it all," the source of a lot of fun for family and friends.

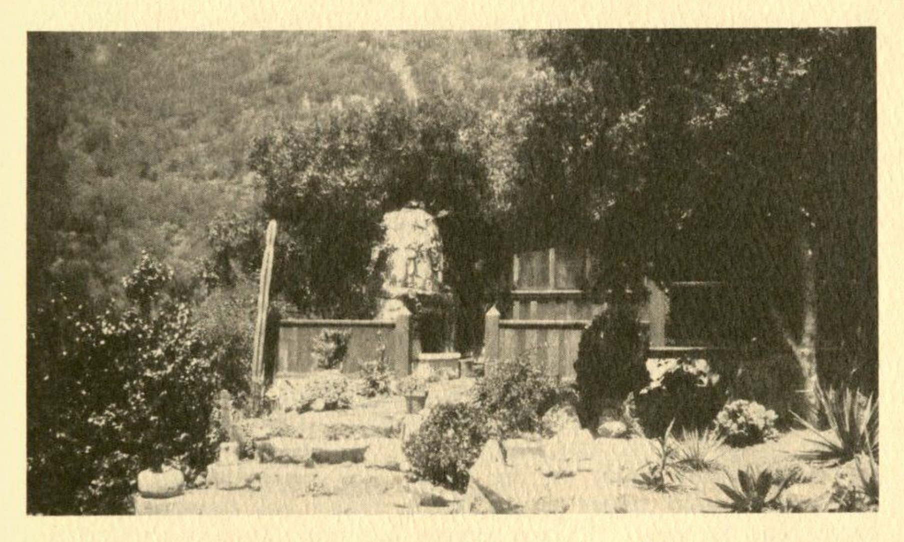
Enthusiasm for constructive improvements necessitated some alterations to the property. A deck of sorts expanded the square footage of the shack, a suitable storage space for tools, bedding, dry foodstuffs and any gear necessary for weekend camping. The stars were our roof until large wooden, room-sized floors were brought from town, topped with canvas and dubbed sleeping quarters. A huge metal cabinet held earthenware dishes, pots, pans and dry foods. We were ready for an almost continual weekend exodus from our Laguna Street home in Santa Barbara.

With the aid of a handy man or two, Mr. Shipp and Charlie Lamb, Father built a cabin for his family. More large wooden room-sized floors were moved in; walls and roof completed a comfortable two-bedroom structure with a huge storage space in the basement. A cast iron range provided cooking and water-heating facilities; the bath consisted of a wash basin and toilet. The icebox held huge ice blocks brought from town. Ouside was a screen-fronted cupboard suspended from an oak tree. In it were stored foods which didn't need refrigeration, just good fresh air. Animals could not break into it, so we people lost nothing to them.

Especially interested in this mountain adventure was Father. It was an opportunity to create, to be working outdoors, to "rough it," in deep contrast to his role as a physician and surgeon, one practiced during the week, each week during the year, every year. Preparations for the weekly trip to the mountains began around mid-week. Supplies were purchased, boxed, and late each Friday afternoon the trek to the Trout Club began. It was usually the seven-passenger 1923 Cadillac touring car into which we'd climb, sometimes accompanied by a friend or two from our school classes.

On occasion Mother and Father found it difficult to persuade Eleanor, my sister, and me to accompany them to the mountains. Being normal youngsters, we had parties to which we were invited and didn't care to miss, invitations to other events which seemed more exciting than spending another weekend at the Trout Club. Sometimes we were asked to play our harps at a club, church, hotel or private home. Mother stayed with us in town when that happened. Otherwise, we stayed with friends. Rarely did we have two successive weekends in town.

Days at the mountain cabin found Mother preparing food, doing dishes, or making beds for the overnight guests. Entertaining company was one of her specialties, and the house was never empty. After we moved into the cabin, our temporary sleeping quarters were turned over



Front entry to patio and house — Margaret M. Griffin

to guests or to the man helping Father build his various projects.

Another building lot, down canyon and on a ridge overlooking the valley and ocean, was purchased. This was to be the location of our larger home, one in which we eventually lived year around. On the hillside directly below the house's location, Father planted an enormous garden of cacti and succulents, over a hundred varieties in all. To blend with the coloring of their blossoms and leaves, Father planted acacias to rim the edge of the road above. The grays, yellows, pinks and reds of the mature plants and trees were lovely against the soft greens of mountain brush.

Meanwhile, a blacksmith shop was constructed on the upper property. Charlie Lamb, the talented little Frenchman totally unafraid of hard physical labor, stood proudly over the anvil to design and produce useful objects for the new house. All of the curtain rods, curtain rings, ornamental lanterns which were to hang around two huge rooms, the fireplace screens and tools were his handiwork. When Charlie wasn't plying his hand at ironwork, he was helping Father and Mr. Shipp grade the new site, carrying supplies, planting the garden or digging ditches. The two helpers were amply fed from Mother's table.

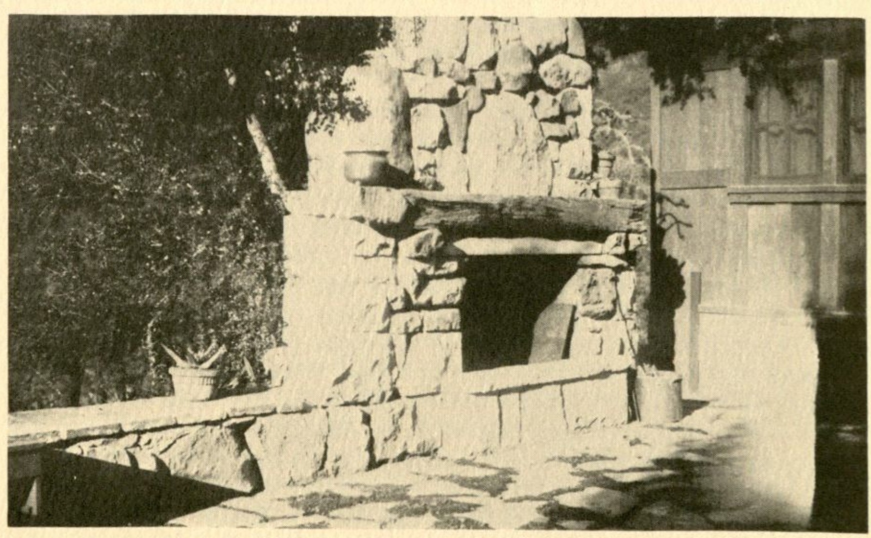
Architect Charles K. Greene, who had worked on the new Santa Barbara County Court House project following the 1925 earthquake, was a friend of Father and helped in the designing of our house. He often was a dinner guest at the cabin, slept in the guest quarters and later visited us many times in the house he helped create.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of the new house were the building materials. Clever Father had purchased all of the doors from the Arlington Hotel which had been destroyed in the earthquake. These

he used in the construction of the house. All of the walls were made from them. The actual doors were ones recycled from the hotel, heavy iron hinges, latches and locks unchanged. We'd had a family discussion about naming our new house, and I recall the thrill of suggesting the name chosen. Staff members of the Museum of Natural History, to which Father regularly contributed specimen and time, presented him with an appropriate hand-carved sign for the entrance to the property. It read, "Out Of Doors." This was quite a conversation piece among Trout Club visitors and residents. I doubt very much that present day people know anything about the history of that building.

Another attraction of the structure was its artwork. Both the living and dining rooms were eighteen by thirty-two feet. Sunlight poured into the huge windows overlooking the coastline many miles beyond. Rafters in the living room were decorated by hand-painted authentic Indian designs. The same Indians were represented in Brett Moore's paintings which hung on the walls. The hand-wrought ironwork mentioned earlier added to the decor. Heavy oak furniture in both rooms was the result of many forages into antique shops and auction houses. Lovely Indian rugs covered the floors. We had many happy times around the huge stone fireplace where a great iron pot hung over the grate. Three bedrooms, a bath and a half, a large kitchen and service porch completed the floor plan.

Another fireplace, its mantlepiece one of the beams of the original La Purisima Mission at Lompoc, dominated the patio outside the living room. Around the patio was a low wall made from tiles and beams from the same source, given to Father for this purpose. Barbecues and enchilada



The patio fireplace with Lompoc Mission relics

Margaret M. Griffin

dinners were popular pastimes in this spot. We all loved the house, were proud of it and enjoyed sharing it with young and old alike.

Among those who were guests at our home were Mrs. Raymond Moley and her twin sons, Malcolm and Raymond, Miss Caroline Hazard (President of Wellesley College from 1899 to 1910), Almira Hall Eddy, David Banks Rogers, Dr. W. D. Sansum, Litti and Mary Paulding, Dr. Benjamin Bakewell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Haverland and twin daughters, Stella and Della, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Cable and John, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ryce and June Marie, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Henderson with Eleanor, Phyllis and Harriet, Dr. and Mrs. E. Kost Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Fish, Mr. and Mrs. George Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Rich, Mrs. Samuel McKee with Margaret, Alice and David, E. Louise Noyes, Dan W. Sattler, Ethel M. Moss, Marian Hebert, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Toombs and Betty, Elsie Wheeler Rupp, Ward Kimball and many others. Tau Gamma Sigma sorority sisters, members of Alpha Phi Gamma, journalism fraternity; Mother's various club members and friends of Father also came.

Surroundings were conducive to outdoor activities. We often hiked down the winding, steep trail to the creek where we swam in the deep pools. Part of the fun were the swimming races we'd have. Each contestant would place a salamander on his head, and the one getting the farthest across the pool before losing the little creature would win the race. On Easter Sunday one year we had a Bunny Race. Our pet rabbits were encouraged to hop across a marked area, one rabbit to a child. The rabbit coming nearest the finish line within a set time was declared the winner.

After the business meetings and barbecues, given by the entire membership at the main picnic areas, races also were held. These games were conducted when the members were ready to laugh and relax. Several burros kept on neighboring government land were borrowed, saddled and ridden by adult contestants. Stubbornness being a trait of burros, the winner was always the last burro and rider to cross the finish line.

My greatest pleasure was my Indian pony, Betty. Father bought her for me at Dos Pueblos Ranch and brought her to the Trout Club. Since no barns or paddocks were allowed on Trout Club property, Betty was kept in a barn on government land below the picnic grounds. The chef from the Biltmore Hotel, who had a cabin down there, owned the barn which housed his horses. To pay for my horse's stall, I was to exercise his horses each weekend. That was a marvelous arrangement, as it gave me an opportunity to entertain my friends. Long horseback rides were weekly events. We explored old trails off the Painted Cave Road, rode through the Trout Club, down to the creek, and also down old San Marcos Pass to the giant bay tree at the foot of the grade, hence back to the Trout Club. What the horses thought about all of that exercise I don't know. I do know that my friends and I enjoyed every time out on the trail or road.

Members of the Trout Club and their guests were privileged to

fish at the trout pools down on the creek bank. During the first year or two after the pools were stocked, there was a steady stream of fisher "people" trudging up and down, to and from the cool banks of the canyon floor. Each trout caught cost a quarter. All were regulation size or larger, partially due, I liked to think, to the buttermilk I fed them. The caretaker, whose home was by the front entrance of the club, gave me the job of carrying the milk down to the pools and feeding the fish. Riding trusted Betty was the easiest way to do this, so I enjoyed the responsibility. Both because the novelty of fishing from man-made pools wore off, and maybe because the fish became too smart to bite, interest in the "sport" waned. Finally the pools were drained, filled with soil and brush and forgotten by everyone but a few old timers. The original name of the area, derived from the pools, remains, however. The TROUT CLUB is a permanent fixture, terminologically speaking.



Eleanor and Margaret on a mountain excursion

Margaret M. Griffin

We children spent many happy hours on the playground equipment in the upper meadow. Archery, too, was a favorite hobby. Hiking down to the creek, exploring the hillsides above the creekbed and walking up to the main road took much of our time. With slipknots in the ends of long weeds we caught hundreds of lizards for the Museum of Natural History's snake feeding program. The pay was nil, but the catches plentiful. The almost unlimited freedom we were given to pursue these activities seemed to be in stark contrast to the constant supervision and protection we had from our parents in town. It was wonderful!

When we moved to the Trout Club in 1936 for year-around living, Eleanor and I were grown. The new San Marcos Pass had just been completed. Winter rains caused numerous severe landslides on the banks of the roadbeds. It often was hazardous to journey between town and our mountain home. We actually had to move rocks and boulders to get through to the next stretch of clear road. More often than not we'd arrive at the house to find the electricity out, so dinner was fixed at the fireplace and eaten by candlelight.

The big house was sold in the early 1940s, leaving it to the whims of buyers who were to make drastic changes in its appearance. Meanwhile, the older cabin had been retained by the family, and it was to that place my husband and I moved when we returned from Honolulu in 1945. Nobody in Santa Barbara would rent to a young couple with children. Our mountain cabin was our refuge and a marvelous home for my family as it had been for my parents when I was young.

Now that Santa Barbara and Goleta have expanded, the Trout Club no longer seems so far away. Even so, it maintains some of those same qualities it had when it was first established as a place to relax from the pressures of town life. My hope is that it will remain that way forever.

Cold Spring Tavern — 1908 to 1914

By Mildred Scott Chambers

The Doultons owned Miramar and Cold Spring. Our father, Thomas O. Scott, was hired to run the tavern. I was one year old when we moved up from Santa Barbara in 1908; Miriam was born one year later.

My mother, Etha Scott, washed by hand, ironed with a flat iron, heated on the cook stove, and took care of two young ones — fourteen to sixteen hour days, seven days a week. Any relatives or friends visiting were always happy to help with the cleaning. There were a number of cottages for overnight guests.

During the busiest months, the Doultons hired a Chinese man to help Mom in the kitchen. One packed up and left because of the "ghost" in his cabin. The noises he heard were made by mice or rats that made nests up in the roof area.

On various weekends, guests from Miramar were transported by tallyho or private stage, to the mountains for an overnight visit. The braver, hardier ones were treated to a camp-out. This was usually at the Santa Ynez River, with trout fishing an added attraction. I can remember Daddy telling about the time that a rattlesnake was rolled up in a bed roll. In those days, of course, a bed roll was just a number of blankets. The snake had curled up between two of those blankets and in the cool of the morning the bedding was packed back on the stage.

Miriam and I do not remember any regular hauling over the Pass. When we moved back to Santa Barbara, so that we could attend school, Daddy made a trip a week, to haul spring water. This was by team and wagon. There was a 500-gallon tank to be filled, and then bottled in five-gallon bottles (at our home) for delivery to customers in Montecito. We did have a Model T by then which helped greatly — when it decided to start. Daddy was one of the first to drive a Model T over the San Marcos Pass. I can remember when he would back it up that twenty per cent grade of the Pass. Cranking that Ford — being hot — driving in an open car — a bout with double pneumonia, was the reason Daddy had to move to a dry climate in Arizona later.

Among the first autos over the Pass were two Stutz sports cars, driven up for the Kelly brothers. They were placed on blocks in their barn. I can remember seeing them, covered with dust, in the old barn, that was full of cobwebs. As far as I know, they never drove them.*

*One story is that they refused to pay the license fee. Mrs. George Finley, a friend of Mrs. Chambers, says that the Kellys sometimes "baby sat" for the Scott girls. That may have been when Mildred got the "delicious carmels that the Kellys made with honey, chocolate and vanilla, individually wrapped in oil paper."

Of course there were deer all around. We were never bothered by large animals in that immediate area. Our horses, one cow and an angora goat for a while (it ate rose bushes and everything else in sight, so hence a rug) were all kept in the barn. Mom shot a bobcat out of a tree (the only thing she ever shot) that was about to get into the chicken pen.

Once, when the folks had gone to town for supplies, a skunk got in the house. The Chinaman shot it behind the stove in the dining room. Mom used everything she could think of to kill the odor. I can remember so well, the kettle after kettle of scalding water she poured on the wooden floor.

I can also remember my Uncle Ford from Iowa, going out back of the house, to check on some baby chicks in a small pen. He was leaning over to check and was *surprised* by a skunk — Dad had to bury all his clothes.

The Kelly brothers were troubled by lions coming after their goats. They rigged up some kind of trap, using their billy goat inside a small roped area. They had a camouflaged pit that the lion would fall into, which in some way triggered a gun. This was the signal to get out there and shoot the intruder. There was always a lion pelt or two on their fences.

There were many rattlesnakes, gopher snakes and garter snakes. Water dogs (salamanders) were plentiful, in the little shallow pond, in the middle of the road — I played with these. There were green scorpions and black tarantulas. The bay trees were full of gray squirrels. Some of these became quite tame.

Part of John Fremont's trail was at the top of a mountain, that was back of our barn area. There was a crude type monument, marking the spot, that was a lookout.

Another spot that Miriam and I remember well was Dead Horse Rock. We were always fascinated, when we were allowed to peek down at all the skeletons of the poor horses. Daddy used to tell us how the horses stampeded into the narrow gorge and nothing could stop them.

Coming up the grade from Santa Barbara there was an area called De Laney Flat. It was way down to our left. It was grassy, with bushes scattered here and there, and always deer. Daddy would stop the horses and look for a deer with a fawn. He would always say the same thing, "Now be real quiet and watch mama hide her baby." He would whistle, the type that you do with two fingers at your mouth, and the baby just seemed to disappear into the ground.

We had a good friend in Mike Finneran, who lived alone. He had a wonderful apple orchard. When we called on him we always received an apple that was polished on the side of his pants. Mom used to say those pants were as stiff as a board — slick with dirt. Mom always would remark, "I don't know how Mike survives. He just opens those cans of meat, etc., and just leaves the food in the can till the next meal." What with no cooling facilities, except the ones made with burlap sacks, I assume he was just real lucky. Mike called on us quite often, on horseback. How he loved Mom's good meals!

I well remember an adventure with Texas longhorns: When I was

about four or five, I was playing at ground level, in the heart of a double sycamore tree. This was in the middle of the road, down the driveway from the house. I was wearing a *red* coat. The first thing anyone knew, I was surrounded by longhorns. One had its head down, snorting and pawing. A Mexican cowboy eased his horse through the herd, reached down and lifted me by one arm, up in front of him and eased back out of the herd.

Mom and Daddy and Grandma Maxwell and daughter Aunt Mary, visiting from Iowa, were on the porch of a cottage, to the left of the house, paralyzed with fright. The only gray hair that Mom had, came at that time. The last time I was at Cold Spring, that sycamore was still there, in the middle of the road, but with tons of built-up road bed around it.

I can remember going to the Marshalls up at the summit, to a funeral. It was Cyrus Marshall's mother, and she was buried out in the yard. I can still visualize the great prickly pear cactus there.

Thomas More Storke in his book, "California Editor," calls Cold Spring a "noon station," coming from Los Olivos to Santa Barbara. The stage was outfitted with a fresh team to be able to make the long grade to the summit of the San Marcos. The next relay station was Pat Kinevan's toll house. (This was before our time.) Mr. Storke mentions the zig-zag along Fremont's route of 1846 until reaching the "noon station."

We knew the ranger at Los Prietos Ranger Station, whom we called "Grandpa" Muzzall. He spent a lot of time in our area. He had a lovely horse that we were allowed to ride.

One time the Flying A Studio sent a large number of people up from Santa Barbara to make some scenes for a Western movie down at Chalk Rock. The leading man was Billy Reed or Read. They had a great time, every evening, playing cards. I can recall some of them saying, "If I win this hand, you can have it." I'm sure our little banks profited.

When they went on location, Mom would prepare lunches for all, and Daddy would deliver them in our Model T. On one particular day I went with him. When we arrived at Chalk Rock, the whole company was in shock. Bill R. was dead.

He was to jump from a moving stage with his hands tied behind his back, into the river. (No one would tie his hands.) The exact spot had been marked for him to leap. He hesitated just a second and struck his head on a rock, breaking his neck.

The director had begged him to let the double make the jump, but he refused. Mom always thought that he had suffered the loss of a loved one, or something had happened that caused him not to care. That was the saddest incident of all, in the years we lived there.

Incidents at Cold Spring

By Mary Lou Chambers Gebler

This additional material about Cold Spring was adapted from a biography of Mildred Scott Chambers, written as a school "composition" by Mary Lou Chambers Gebler, her daughter, when she was in the eighth grade. — Ed.

Mildred Scott was just an ordinary little girl with the blondest hair you ever saw, but she had more experiences as a small child than most people ever do. She was born in a little frame house in Santa Barbara, May 10, 1907, but moved with her family to Cold Spring Tavern when she was one year old. Her memories include incidents with

THOSE TEXAS LONGHORNS

It was back in those days when roads were like cowpaths and the mountain folk used horses and buggies for transportation. Mildred was only two at the time, and she was coming home from town with her mother and a brand new baby sister in a basket at her side. They were coming to a blind curve, when a cowboy came riding as fast as he could. He grabbed the reins and turned the wagon to the very side of the road and told them not to move a muscle. A huge herd of Texas longhorns was being driven through the pass. Mrs. Scott was terrified, but she sat as still as she could. Only one of the huge steers stopped, but many others flanked the side of the wagon, almost tipping it over. They had to sit there until the whole herd was almost out of sight.

CHILDHOOD PLAYTHINGS

As most human children, Mildred loved everything alive. She always played with bull snakes as most little girls would play with dolls. One day she walked into the house holding out a dishpan, and asked her mother what the funny little captive bug was. Well, how was she to know it was a green mountain scorpion?

A FOREST FIRE

There was always danger of a forest fire when the mountains got dry, and the inevitable came one summer when Mildred was only three. The family could see the huge fire approaching steadily over the rim of the mountain tops. All they could do was to get in their wagon, covering themselves with wet gunny sacks, and leave. They abandoned everything they ever owned — their cows, chickens, goats, pack horses and all their belongings that were in the store. Mildred grabbed up her little puppy as her daddy lifted her into the wagon. They could see the fire coming over the mountains, but turned their heads and just prayed something would save their possessions.

Their prayers were answered, and the wind changed, putting out this fire that had destroyed without sparing anything for so many miles.*

THE FLOOD

If you can imagine raging torrents deep enough to carry along huge boulders twice as large as cars and strong enough to uproot huge sycamore trees, you will have a faint idea of what the San Marcos Pass flood was like in 1914. Mildred was old enough to realize some of the dangers they were constantly encountering.

It started raining in mid-January, and rained constantly for four days before the flood broke loose. Mr. Scott was in town getting supplies for the tavern, and was afraid to start home in the midst of the storm. At the tavern the water was rising quickly up to the barn, which was below the house and tavern store. The only man there was old Grandpa Reynolds, who was over seventy. He struggled to the barn and back with the cow, just barely making it back to the house. The rushing water made it difficult for him to stand up and lead the cow that was so frightened. Bessie stayed on the porch for a week, while the water seeped out of the barn.

Mr. Scott, in town, was frantic about his family, not being able to get any message to them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Scott was equally worried about Mr. Scott, since she did not know whether he had stayed in town or started home in the storm. If Mr. Scott had started back, there could be no hope for him now, with those tons of boulders rolling down the ruined roads.

When the storm was over, Mr. Scott started home with three pack horses and supplies, including some cigarettes which were very scarce in the mountains. As he went along the ravished country, looking at all the destruction, he grew even more anxious to be nearing home.

Upon coming to an old tramp, he stopped him and inquired about the tavern and his family. The old man thought for a moment and replied that everything was in fairly good shape and that Mrs. Scott had given him a good hot meal. Mr. Scott was so relieved that he gave the wanderer a pack of cigarettes and hurried along toward home.

The roads were full of slides and huge boulders. It was one of those that made his first pack horse fall, pulling the others with it. The strap broke and sent two of the animals down the steep canyon. Mr. Scott didn't even look, but walked on until he came to a road gang. He told them what had happened, and they got guns and went back to the scene. They looked down to see where the horses had fallen, and there were the two horses very much alive. One was standing on its feet, and the other was lodged on its back between two boulders. I don't believe one man could have been happier. Mr. Scott loved all animals and couldn't bear to see any suffer. He went on home, leaving the road crew to rescue the animals.

*Mrs. Chambers adds that they went to the Kinevan ranch to await anxiously the results.

The 1914 Storm

By Miriam Scott Rhorer

The following excerpt from an autobiography by Miriam Scott Rhorer written in 1927 throws additional light on the storm's effect. — Ed.

My first years were spent in the Santa Ynez Mountains, seventeen miles from Santa Barbara, at a big inn called Cold Spring Tavern. I was very fond of visiting the people who rented cottages around the tavern.

I was about four years old when we had the worst flood in history. It rained steadily for two whole weeks. We could look out a window of the tavern and see giant oak and sycamore trees being carried down the path which used to be the road. Luckily, the tavern stood on a small rising at the foot of a hill, or else it would have been carried away.

The funniest thing about the storm was the fact that we had to put our Jersey cow on the front porch. The barn was about half a block from the house and right in the path of the torrent of water.

Just after the storm, my mother, sister and I walked down to visit our nearest neighbors, about four miles. They (the Kelly brothers) were fond of gathering oddly shaped rocks as a pastime. They had a big pile of them on one side of the porch. In looking over the rocks, I spied the nicest round one, just like a ball. I proceeded to procure the round rock, and in doing so, the rocks on top were disturbed, rolled down, and smashed the little finger on my right hand.

Of course I screamed and raised a fuss. Since there was no doctor near, my mother fixed some home-made splints. I remember I was forced to eat six soft-boiled eggs to give me strength to walk home.

Mike Finneran, Mayor of the San Marcos

By Stella Haverland Rouse

One of the "pioneer" names indelibly linked with the Santa Ynez Mountains is that of Mike Finneran. Although he did not arrive as early as Pat Kinevan, he became well known to Santa Barbarans and all who traveled the San Marcos Pass, before and after the coming of the automobile.

According to his obituary in the Daily News and Independent, November 6, 1918, he was born in Ireland in 1848, and came to San Francisco via the Isthmus about 1873. After living in San Francisco for several years, he had resided on the Dibblee ranch for a while, then took up a homestead on the summit of the San Marcos Pass.

Most of the publicity he rated in local newspapers resulted from arguments with Pat Kinevan and other mountain landholders. There were a number of feuds which began in disputes over rights-of-way or trespassing livestock.

In mid-February, 1916, when he came to town, he reported that the San Marcos Road was in very good condition. He rejoiced that year because a road crew was continually working to keep it in condition. At that time the coast route was in bad shape, with heavy slides and deep ruts in the Gaviota Pass, and most of the auto traffic was using the San Marcos Pass.

He had had four inches of snow on his roof the past winter, but that was a pleasing circumstance, for it was "just nippy enought to give the coming cherry crop a good flavor."

Although he already had a sizeable orchard, he picked up a consignment of cherry trees that spring to add to his grove. He was known in town for his fine apples and cherries, and also for his interest in mountain roads and advancement, achieving the title of "Mayor of the San Marcos" for his promotional efforts.

He reported that the entire country that spring was green with growing vegetation, and that his mountain view of the valley, Santa Barbara and the gleaming ocean was a beautiful sight. Already people were hunting desirable summer camping sites.

While he was in town he proposed that Santa Barbarans erect a monument marking the spot where General Fremont in 1846 crossed the future San Marcos Road and descended upon Santa Barbara. He said that the old Fremont trail crossed the current Pass between the Kinevan ranch and his, and that somewhere in the canyons some of the cannon of Fremont's force might be found — they should be set on a concrete base as a Fremont monument.

Although Mike Finneran had the reputation of being a hospitable person, his generosity was not always respected by some of the mountain travelers, as revealed in a tale in the Daily News, March 22, 1916: Two

roving women from a gypsy band camped near his place appeared in his barnyard as he was harnessing his horses to drive to town. Clever pickpockets that they were, they managed to lift Mike's purse. While the women still were in the yard, he missed the wallet. "His language to the gypsy damsels was not complimentary, but was effective in that the purse was returned and the women departed."

But after a while Mike checked the wallet, and discovered that instead of seven dollars supposed to be in it, there was only one. Having expected to have his property returned intact, he set out for the gypsy camp with a shotgun. "Once there, between his verbal fire and threats of more substantial firing, he secured the contents of his purse and started for the city."

Although in the early springs of both 1916 and 1917 he had purchased and set out more cherry trees, on April 24, 1917, he announced that he was ready to retire to an easy life in town. Reportedly he had placed his 215-acre ranch on the market and was anticipating enjoyment of the $10,000 he wanted for the property.

"He said that it would give him the same feeling he had when he left Ireland, to sell the ranch, which had been his home for almost a quarter of a century." He had added to his original homestead by later purchases. At that time, wealthy residents had bought nearby properties for mountain retreats. They included George O. Knapp, Clarence Black, Clinton B. Hale and H. A. Adrian.

He died before disposing of the land, November 6, 1918, in St. Francis Hospital. "On all sides came words of praise for the genial, hearty soul who opened his little house to all comers, and was ever ready to help the wayfarer." He was survived by a sister, Mrs. J. J. McCaffrey.

A news item in the Morning Press February 24, 1920, stated that the "80-acre Finneran ranch has been purchased from William J. McCaffrey by David Gray."

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara,
Calif.
Permit No. 534

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105

G. FRAICES

✓

SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NOTICIAS



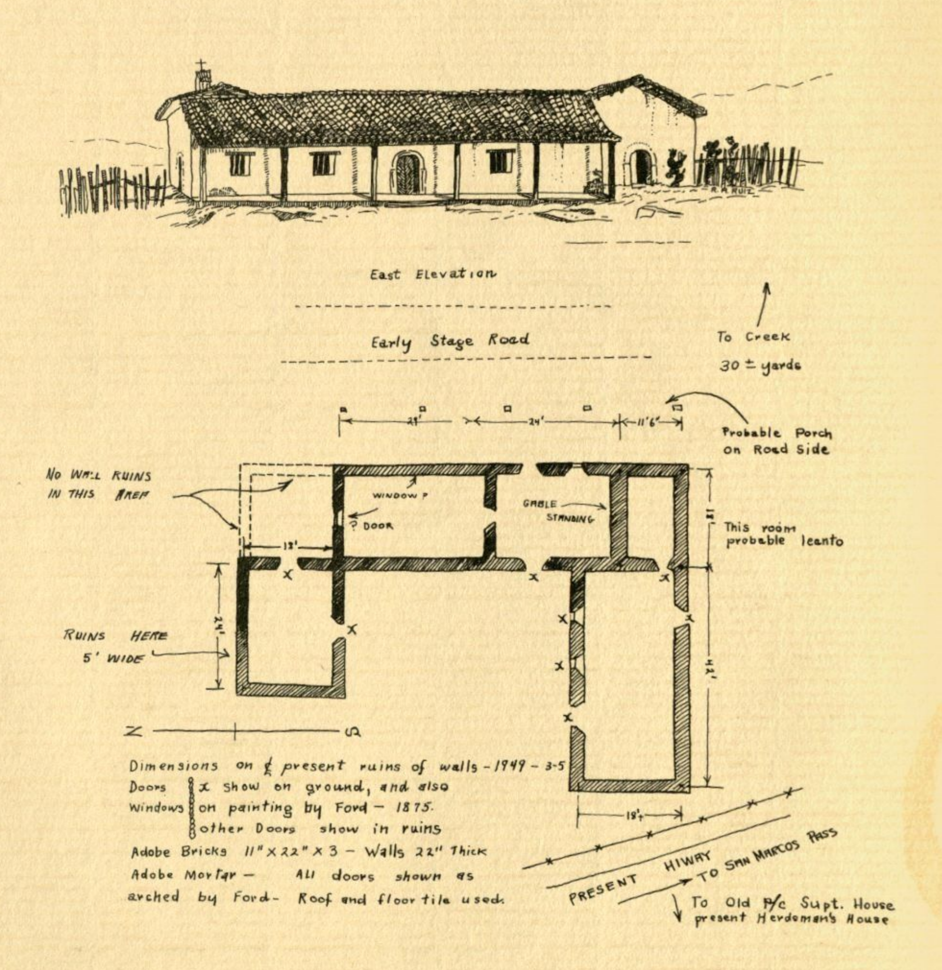
Dr. Harriet G. Belcher   Mrs. Alan McCone

Vol. XXV, No. 3   Fall, 1979

Measurements made 1949
R. S. Smilie - San Francisco
Location -
On East Side Hiway #150
Opposite and below Hdq. (old)
of San Marcos Ranch
0.2 mile North BM - 846' U.S.G.S.
San Rafael Quadrangle

Santa Barbara Mission
Rancho de San Marcos

Adobe House Headquarters at
"Misrwaghehewaug"
on Rio de Santa Ines
Built 1804



Santa Barbara Asistencia "Mission"

S.B. Historical Society

Dr. Harriet G. Belcher's Letters

Edited by Stella Haverland Rouse

The Summer *Noticias* published portions of the letters of Dr. Harriet G. Belcher recounting her establishment of a medical practice in Santa Barbara. The following excerpts are additional experiences of the physician, born in 1842, whose father, Charles Belcher, settled in Irvington, New Jersey, where he built a glass factory on the shore of what he named Belcher Pond. He also established a ruler factory there. All the letters except one were written to a close friend, after Dr. Belcher came here in 1882.

DAILY LIFE

Feb. 6, 1882: I know you think I have been very long in fulfilling my promise of writing soon — but at first I had a great deal of necessary correspondence, and more lately, I have been lazy for a most unlucky reason. I have really not had a well day since I have been in California, have caught cold after cold with a persistency worthy of a better cause. And twice have been really very sick and most forlorn, as you may imagine. Though not because I was friendless, for with my usual good fortune I found friends at once, and they fairly took possession of me a few days ago, called in one of my professional brethren whether I would or no, and made me take, for a week at any rate, a bedroom in a house with other people. For I am living all alone, keeping an old maid's hall in the most uncompromising way. . . .

I have a good-sized yard with thickets of geraniums, rose bushes, etc., all surrounded by a high board fence and no possibility of over-lookers, as all the buildings in the neighborhood are like this — but one story high — that being a popular style of architecture and unpleasantly suggestive of earthquakes.

I take my meals at a restaurant two doors off, kept by two ladies, (I use the term advisedly) where most of the patrons are, like myself, regular boarders.

I despair of giving you an idea of the country, the town, people and life. The first thing that struck me in California, and for a long time before reaching it, was the absence of trees. I find now that there are plenty in the canyons or narrow valleys between the valleys, but on the mountains and the visible parts of the country there are absolutely none, giving, in spite of the verdure, an indescribably monotonous and desolate aspect to the country. It was such a relief when I reached here to find trees in plenty, though the only indigenous ones are the live oaks which very closely resemble apple trees and are not generally larger.

Feb. 13th: You see, my letter is likely to be in sections; part of the time I have not been fit to write, and the rest too busy.

I am better, but find I must give up sleeping in my office and hire another room permanently. That seems to have a good deal to do with my sickness. I can't tell you how I suffer with the cold in this tropical climate. I am obliged to sleep in flannels, which I never did except in the winter I spent in Vermont, and toward morning pile on extra blankets and wrap my feet in flannels to keep comfortable, light my fire to dress by, and shiver then until about 9, by which time the temperature is like June. But I can't tell you how deadly the cold seems at night, yet the most delicate plants grow and bloom unharmed all the year round; and today a friend brought me a basket of oranges which she had picked a few miles out of town.

Feb. 17th: Another installment. I find a wonderful difference in the temperature of a room in the second story, and do not suffer at all with the cold since I have changed my night quarters, which I have been obliged to do permanently, bad drainage being the principal cause of my poor health. Santa Barbara has aqueduct water but no sewers and right in my neighborhood are large cesspools and open drains from wash houses, etc. In the daytime, with fires and sunshine it seems pretty safe, but as soon as I feel I am well established as Mrs. S.'s successor, I will move my office to a different part of the town. Meanwhile, the fact remains that the difference in temperature between day and night or sunshine and shade at any time in the year is something remarkable.

It is more necessary to dress warmly here than at home; the heaviest of flannels must be worn the year round, and though you may walk without a wrap, and even need a parasol in the sunshine, you always need wraps in the shade or in driving; and as soon as the sun disappears the warmest things you ever wore in your life are none too much.

There is hardly too much said of the beauty of the place, though I think many places I have seen in the East excell it on the whole. I have seen nothing that is to me as grand or as beautiful as some of the scenery in the White or Green Mountains, but it is different and has a charm of its own. The air is exquisite, most of the time; the sunshine seems to flood and permeate everything. The mountains encircle us except toward the south, clear cut against the blue of the sky and melting away in a haze into that of the sea. I have not for years thought of "Rasselas" till I came here, but this reminds me of the "Happy Valley," and as there, it seems to me there is no way out.

My trip in the steamer from San Francisco remains a nightmare in my memory and I think I shall never get away except by balloon — though I could reach a railroad by "a short stage ride of eighty miles."

This, everyone tells me, has been an exceptional season, very cold, and so little rain that there are the gravest apprehensions as to crops and stock. The latter are already dying on the ranches for lack of food and water, and after the next four weeks there will be no hope of rain till October. A lady told me a few days ago that no one who had not lived through a dry year here had any conception of its horrors, so I am entering on my new life at a very bad time. But from experience thus far, have every reason to be encouraged.

My books last month, my first here, showed more business than I ever had in Rhode Island in the same time, and this month is still better thus far. . . .

SANTA BARBARANS

Feb. 18th: The people here might be described as of "every nation under heaven" — certainly I never saw any such variety except at the Centennial. Chiefly the ubiquitous Yankee, a good many English, some I should say from every nation in Europe, Chinese, Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards — the last by courtesy as they are nearly all half-breeds — very few Negroes, and all taking life in an easy, happy-go-lucky way. No one seems to be in a hurry. When you want work done, it is done rather with the air of doing you a favor and entirely at the convenience of the employee.

There is very little hospitality or entertaining; people live outdoors most of the time; walking is not a popular mode of exercise; there are few so poor as not to keep or hire a team, while young and old, men, women and children down to six years old, ride on horseback, and you never look out without seeing some equestrian, from the most perfectly appointed down to the most forlorn you can imagine, all loping carelessly and happily along.

Life is reduced to its simplest elements. The majority of those who keep house take all their meals outside, and washing is always put out. Most of them seem to have little or nothing to do, and do it as happily as possible. There is but little attempt at style in dress or mode of living. You wear the same clothes all the year round, and the degree of shabbiness permissable appears to be entirely a matter of individual opinion. As a rule, people go to bed with a charming unanimity between 8 and 9, and an English resident tells me he is never abroad at the last named hour without comparing himself to Campbell's "Last Man."

As to society, I am much "tumbled up in my mind." I meet some charming and cultivated people, but those who are not so appear to be recognized on the same footing. An Episcopal clergyman keeps a livery stable; a college graduate peddles milk; and meanwhile the grocer or butcher's boy, of perfectly ordinary style, who leaves your provisions at the back door in the morning, in the evening advances with a rose in his buttonhole and requests the honor of your hand in the dance. . . .

March 27, 1882: My dear Cousins, . . . I have been here three months and have a vague feeling that I have never been anywhere else, or sometimes, that I shall wake up one day and find that I have only dreamed I am here. . . .

[Santa Barbara] is wonderfully beautiful, and yet, to me, not as beautiful as the country to the east, especially the mountain regions. I miss the trees and the verdure, but it has a beauty of its own, and the atmosphere and climate are exquisite, most of the time, though not always, as those "to the manner born" would have us believe. The valley lies in an amphitheatre of mountains facing the southeast, though only

about half of them can be seen from the town, owing to the "mesa" at the southwest.

At low tide the beach is as smooth and hard as a board, and you can ride along it for miles. You may imagine me doing so often, for I have renewed my youth in several ways and find that I have lost none of my old fondness for horseback riding. And as ladies indulge in that exercise from the age of six to seventy-five, I am well within bounds.

My practice is almost all in my office, and my hours are 10-12 and 2-4, so you see my day is very much cut up and I am not able to take the long rides and drives. . . .

June 18, 1882: I don't feel at all like going to church this morning, so I am going to chat with you, instead. . . . I now feel thoroughly acclimated and fast falling under the spell which seems to bewitch everyone who stays here long enough into thinking this a sort of Utopia. Yet before I quite succumb, while I yet retain a modicum of my sober senses, hear me declare, "It is not yet Paradise."

Yet I, at least, would seem to have drunk at the fountain of Youth. My hair is turning brown — somewhat to my disgust — and I hope <u>that</u> will not progress much further. Then I have resumed various youthful indulgences which I had supposed were far behind me in life's pathway. For instance, you may see me any day exploring the neighborhood on horseback. Then I have found myself waltzing with an utter disregard of my gray hairs and professional degree. And still more, I have found myself blowing soap bubbles on several occasions with as much zest as any of the youngsters by whom I was surrounded. It seems to me I can no further go — in my resumption of youthful ways, unless I invest myself in the long robes of infancy. . . .

The town is as yet chiefly a winter resort, though each year seems to bring more summer visitors. About May 1st the winter guests scatter in every direction and a large proportion of the residents follow their example. Most of them go camping, which is the most popular mode of recreation here, some going off into the mountains and settling down in one place, but most taking wagons and traveling long distances like gypsies. Two parties, in both of which are some of my patients, have left here for the Yosemite in this way, one of which will be two, and the other three months on the road.

This is a favorite prescription for invalids, and, as no rain is expected from April to October, they can sleep under the stars not only with perfect impunity, but with great benefit. When, however, as happened twice within the last week, a shower does come, it is received with a feeling very like injury.

As you can readily imagine, at this season the town wears a deserted aspect and business of all kinds flags considerably. But it is expected to brighten up again by the 1st of August and this year will probably do so earlier, as already the coast steamers are beginning to be full again and a railroad is in process of construction, which will soon be running.

Meanwhile, I am comparatively idle; I am taking my chances for "a good time," and accept all the invitations I can. Am making new

acquaintances continually, and this, of course, is much to my interest. One of my patients in the Yosemite party presented me with the most comfortable saddle I have ever ridden on and I can't tell you how I enjoy it, always finding someone to ride with me.

On Thursday I went to a picnic in one of the canyons, given in honor of a lady from Oakland — a handsome gray-haired woman — who came to California eleven years ago, like myself, on a business speculation. She is now principal of one of the best seminaries in Oakland and has three sisters and two brothers among her assistants. She says she has not regretted the step for an hour, and does not think I ever will.

Among many tastes in common we share that for riding, and went to this picnic together in the saddle, and on returning left the rest of the party, rode for two miles along the beach to the bathing houses, where we tied our horses and then took a surf bath before returning home. My saddle was all out of place, so I took it off and resaddled in the most approved style, that being an accomplishment which ladies in California are pretty sure to attain sooner or later.

SANTA BARBARA FOOD

I still keep the office in which I started, and probably will do so for some time, taking my meals at a restaurant two doors above. I get dreadfully tired of the fare, but it is as pleasant, I suppose, as any place of that kind can be. There is a private room supposed to be for the exclusive use of ladies and families, but two "lone, lorn" men sit at my table, one of whom, a pioneer who landed with the first U. S. troops in '46 gives me very interesting accounts of his travels and adventures and the many changes he has seen in California. . . .

All members of the household are, like myself, boarders at the restaurant. The two leading music teachers of the town, mother and daughter, are among them. The former has adopted me, calling me her oldest daughter. The latter, whose music I greatly enjoy, has a remarkably fine voice, as you may judge when I tell you that, though she has been out here eight years, twice within a year she has been offered the position of leading soprano in Chicago choirs at $1200 and $2200 per annum, but has had to decline on account of her husband's health; he is imbecile from softening of the brain consequent upon a fall, and is a horrible little monster.

While in my office, when not engaged with patients or callers, I write, read, and study, but can hardly bring myself to touch a needle, and have done scarcely any sewing since I have been here.

Thus far I am much disappointed in California as a fruit country. Oranges are better and cheaper at home. I had to pay $.25 a dozen for very small ones when I picked them from the tree, though certainly those were delicious. I have tasted strawberries but three times; they are very scarce and high, but I believe a later crop is expected. Apricots are just beginning and are not good yet; cherries are abundant, large and delicious.

This is the first year they have been in any profusion on this coast, I am told. They are $.15 a pound.

In fact, if you have to buy it, they tell me that fruit is always high here, and also that it is later and scarcer than usual this year as it has been exceptionally cold and dry. I am promised some by different friends who have orchards — quantities of apricots, grapes, figs, peaches, etc., and am looking forward to their ripening with some anxiety, hoping they won't forget me, for I certainly cannot afford to buy all I want.

I am invited to take tea in a barn tonight, but you must not imagine that involves any declension in the social scale. On the contrary, my hostess is the wife of the leading banker here; the barn is a model of perfection, and they have taken up their abode in it so that she can superintend the building of the house and laying out of grounds which she has designed. And if money, taste and experience can accomplish anything, it will all be very beautiful. . . .

Nov. 30, 1882: . . .You speak of Lima beans in your letter. I wonder if you know that they are one of the staple products of this valley, thousands of acres being devoted to their culture. But they are never poled — this is not a timber region, and even if it were, I doubt if they could make it pay to raise them by that method. They just run on the ground and when harvested, are thrown, vines and all, on earthen threshing floors and trodden out by oxen. They don't use fertilizers of any kind on the farms so far as I can hear — and I have inquired about it a number of times, but raise crop after crop without any apparent exhaustion of the soil. . . .

HORSEMANSHIP

I ride horseback twice a week, generally, and enjoy that more than any other one thing. Though on Saturday last I had rather too lively an experience. The mustangs are not reliable, sometimes gentle as lambs for months and then suddenly cutting up all sorts of shines. I was out with a party and had to return to keep my office hours, and my steed no sooner found himself headed for home than he began to cut the most extraordinary capers — squealing and kicking vigorously, etc.

I am anything but a bold horsewoman, though a good one even in this land of riders, and after the first surprise I had no difficulty in keeping my seat or preventing his running away, but I could no more control his shying, kicking and bolting than I could the wind, and he made a spectacle of me for a mile and a half.

The friend who followed me as fast as she could said that every team I met stopped to see what became of me, but, as you may imagine, I was too busy to notice much as I flew along. I kept him up at a rapid pace a while after he was ready to stop, and so took it out of him pretty thoroughly, but found that he had taken it out of me as well, for I was fairly drenched in perspiration and pretty well tired out for the rest of the day. So since then I have another animal on trial. . . .

The country will soon begin to look its best. We have had two

showers, and here and there begin to see patches of grass. The clouds have been gathering for several days, and I hope we will soon have a regular downpour, to start things in general and lay the dust, which is one of the banes of existence here. . . .

You ask if we have mosquitoes. My dear, in this favored spot flies, fleas and mosquitoes are perennial — more plentiful in summer, of course. I had always supposed that our native state led the world in mosquitoes, but those here excel them in size and ability, as many other natural productions do. . . .

Dec. 13, 1882: I send you this picture of the Mission with all the holiday greetings and good wishes. . . . It gives a very good idea of the general effect of a very prominent feature in the town standing as it does on the foothills overlooking it and facing the bay. It is the most picturesque, I think, of the California missions, judging from the pictures of the others.

I think from your letters the past year has been a fairly happy one for you. I know it has to me although I have been so far away from all my friends.

The New Year promises well. I have no extravagant hopes or anticipations, but am more thankful than I can tell for the blessings which have come to me in the way of friends, sympathy and work; not so much of the latter as I want and can do, but enough for a fair support and good promise for the future, which is far more than most can say at the close of the first year of such adventure.

Jan. 14, 1883: Thanks for the Christmas remembrance. Among the many cards I received it is to me the most beautiful. . . . It is especially welcome as a reminder of the fields at home, for clover is one of the plants I have never seen here.

My Christmas day was a sad and fatiguing one. At noon I lost the only case which I have lost here, when the patient has been under my hands all through. . . . a very bad one, of gastritis and diptheria combined. I spent the night with her and the day with the most intimate friend I have made here, who had a few days before received news of the sudden death of her only sister and had become insane. She is now improving so that I have strong hopes of her ultimate recovery.

On the other hand, there were some very pleasant things about it. I could only be in my office but little that day, but did not come in once without finding something new laid on my table by way of greeting. Cards came from all over the country, some from people who had been my patients here and of whom I never expected to hear again. One from Pau, in the Pyrenees, had a beautiful barbe of Irish lace from Dublin. A very handsome plate of Chinese porcelain. . . . A very handsome pair of vases from Tib, and a lovely copy of a group of angel heads by Raphael from Mattie, only she has substituted a portrait of her own little Hilda for the top angel, which, of course, much enhances its value for me. A set of Shakespeare, an illustrated copy of the "Brook," and many little things from here and there.

But most valuable of all, a handsome watch with all the most modern

additions and improvements. This came anonymously, the result of a conspiracy between friends here and in Providence. . . . So you see I had a good deal to make me happy, too.

I wish you had the cap of Fortunatus and could wish yourself here today. Everything is flooded with sunshine; there is a lovely blue haze over the mountains, and on the foothills the grass is springing thick and green. Yesterday in a horseback ride on the table land I came on a mass of wild morning glories in full bloom, and the meadow larks sang all round us.

A friend has just called to say that he is going to drive one of my patients down to the beach and then return for me, to spend the afternoon there with her — a favorite rendezvous all the year round. I think of it and sigh for it. I begin to believe that I shall never again be contented on the Atlantic coast. . . .

Sept. 16, 1883: . . . There are a great many spiritualists here, some of them those of the highest social (and moral) stand; others very low in both particulars. . . . But some of the people here with whom I am most intimate and for whom I have a genuine respect are very firm believers in the phenomena, and I have heard from and seen, too, when with them, (their sittings are entirely private, they have nothing to do with any professional mediums) some very remarkable things which I cannot account for, except as coming through some supernatural agency. I have always felt that at some time there would be a scientific explanation of many of these phenomena, but no books I have come across pretending to be scientific treatises on the subject, have been at all satisfactory.

I must say there is something very touching in the devotion of these elderly people to the memory of those they have loved and lost, some of them years ago. But, satisfactory as it all evidently is to them, it appears to me a most wasteful expenditure of time, thought, feelings, and health, too, for the most meager results, and I find myself asking, Qui bonas? when they are most eagerly narrating some of the experiences which they value, as it seems to me so unduly. And yet they are not only people of considerable culture, possessed of the most practical common sense in the ordinary affairs of life. It does take all manner of people to make the world, and you don't know what extraordinary revelations we doctors are all the time coming across. . . .

Oct. 7th: It is now three weeks today since I began this — the day after an excursion in the saddle to find a so-called volcano, of which I send you an account. I rode thirty-six miles, and so far as fatigue was concerned, could have repeated it next day. But, oh! my face! I had taken no precaution to protect it, and never wear a veil except in a dust storm, but this time my very lips were blistered, the skin came off my face and neck, and it was a week before I could go in the street without a veil, and two weeks before I quite recovered from it.

Imagine the state of the roads here. We have not had a drop of rain since early in April till last Tuesday night, when one-fourth inch fell, but that, as you may imagine, only took the edge of the dust off, and there is no telling when we shall have more, though the air is so keen,

clear, and invigorating today that I think we may soon have more.

I am getting quite acclimated, and feel sometimes as if I had never lived anywhere else. I have lost nearly 20 pounds in flesh since I have been here, but am very well, and you would be surprised to see how much color I have habitually.

I take my breakfast and tea in my office and dine with a friend, so that I get a good home dinner every day for the first time in eight years, and I enjoy it, I can tell you. One does not need to eat as heartily in this climate as at home, and for months I have hardly eaten anything except fruit, generally figs, with a cup of tea or coffee, for breakfast, and tea, not even bread and butter. But this keen air is making a difference in my appetite already, and I feel alive down to my very fingertips, as if it were enough only to live and breathe. Now we will have a good deal of just such weather right along. . . .

Jan. 20, 1884: Many thanks for your remembrances — the book especially, which is quite new to me, though others speak of having seen it, and is useful in passing the time of those unfortunates who have to await their turn in my front office and who I often hear laughing over it. . . .

I ought to have acknowledged them before, but this time, when the town is full of visitors, is my busiest, and besides I am far from well, suffering with intermittent fever. Not a severe attack by any means, since I am up and about all the time, as usual, but more decided than any I have had since coming to California.

From a sanitary point of view my office is as badly located as possible, but I have tried in vain, ever since I came, to find some other place. My friends are now getting much worked up about it, and several have announced their intention of attacking a gentleman who is speculating considerably in real estate and persuading him to put up a building for me on some lots he owns further up the street. And I only hope they may succeed.

I am about to make my first venture in horseflesh — almost as bad a lottery as matrimony — I am going to buy a saddle horse and am trying them with varying success and a difference of opinion between myself and their present owners as to their pecuniary value. The one I have liked best thus far is the smallest creature I ever mounted except a donkey, but carried me along as easily, apparently, as if I weighed about six pounds, and I know used to carry his former mistress all day, climbing the rough mountain trails like a cat. I have to get on and off so much that it is very convenient to have a small animal, but on the other hand, it looks rather absurd.

I spent the Christmas time very pleasantly and received some beautiful presents, especially of china, and was invited out a good deal. But for the last two weeks I have had to decline all social pleasures and reserve all the strength I have for work.

OJAI VISIT

May 25, 1884: . . . . I have not been well all this year — have been

suffering with malaria, the location of my office being very unhealthy. In consequence, I took a vacation of nearly three weeks, the first I have had since coming here, and you may imagine how I enjoyed it. There were five in our party, two of whom besides myself went in the saddle to a beautiful valley forty-five miles distant. We went thirty miles the first day and stayed overnight in the town of Ventura. In the morning I heard someone ask for me, and I found a lady with whom a friend who was to join us later was staying, and she, who never had seen me before, had come to invite me and the party (she did not know even their names, or if there was one or a dozen) to come down to her ranch on our way home and spend several days with her! This is the California hospitality you hear of!

And we really did go, on our way home, five of us all in the saddle, and stayed overnight. A ride of twenty-nine miles through two canyons and part of the way through asphaltum beds and oil wells, to the largest fruit ranch in that part of the country, "El Cielito," the Little Heaven, eighty acres laid out in apricots, peaches, pears, apples, oranges, lemons, grapes, and most valuable of all, English walnuts. They do not can, but dry the fruit and have two large steam dryers which evaporate 1600 pounds of fruit daily, and have a wine press, still and vaults.

I enjoyed every hour of my vacation. The Ojai (pronounced Ohi and meaning Eagle's Nest) Valley is 45 miles from here, and is wonderfully beautiful: hills, mountains, valleys, and when you get high enough, a glimpse of the ocean. And such a profusion of wild flowers that you can sometimes see the masses of color miles away. One afternoon some of our party brought home from a short walk forty different kinds.

We found very pleasant people staying at the hotel, and scoured the country in parties of from six to fourteen on horseback.

There were eighteen horses there, seven of them owned by guests, and mine was unanimously pronounced the best of all, both in moral (!) quality and "points," and now, when I happen to meet any of the gentlemen who were there, there is invariably the question, "How's Rob?" or "How's the pony?"

Certainly, no animal could answer my purpose better: intelligent, fleet, strong and willing, and a pretty fellow, too, dark sorrel, with a tail that nearly touches the ground, and very well built. I have not carried a whip since I have owned him. "Come, Rob," or a pat on the shoulder is all he needs, even when fording streams so deep that I have to tuck feet and habit up over the horn of the saddle, and against a current so swift that he may stagger a little in picking his way over the loose stones and boulders which form the principal danger of these fords. But he never seems to lose his head for an instant. Of course you will laugh at my long story, but I'll forgive you, you don't know Rob Roy. . . .

UPPER STATE STREET HOME

Dec. 15, 1884: I send herewith my Christmas greetings and a "Souvenir of Santa Barbara," a photo of a collection of crayon sketches

made by an artist visiting here last year, giving some of the most characteristic views and figures.

I am quite at home in my new surroundings, and if you could look in upon me now you would think I was house keeping in earnest.

Mrs. Schermerhorn, the friend who is living with me, has undertaken to make some candies to send to her nieces in the east, and has invited two or three girls to help her, and the amount of chattering, stirring, pounding, nut cracking, etc., going on in our tiny kitchen, which is a wood shed and general catchall as well, is not conducive to elegance in the way of letter writing.

We enjoy our home very much, and it is really a pretty little place both inside and out — that is, the house. The lot is not yet graded, cannot be until the rains come, so that it is rather forlorn outside as yet, except that under one window I have a banana, cannas, callas, caladium, Australian papyrus, and will have soon an Egyptian papyrus. And all but the last are growing beautifully, which means such growth as you have no conception of, at home, as I still call the east, though I do not think I shall ever want to live there again.

The life here suits me more entirely than I ever expected to be suited, and it seems to me that it would hardly be possible to find anywhere else so many delightful people in so small a community. To be sure, I miss the theatres, concerts, etc., but find a good deal of pleasure in other ways, quite as much as I have time for. But how often I wish I could see some of my old friends here. I want them <u>here.</u> I should very much enjoy doing the honors of the place to them.

March 15, 1885: . . . The picture I sent you was ideal, certainly not a portrait either of myself or Rob Roy, on whose familiar back I will figure no more. I have sold the dear little fellow. Think of my fickleness! It was for no fault of his, certainly, but I saw another horse which I thought would suit me better, and had a friend and patient who wanted Rob Roy badly.

"Dick" is almost twice his size, a very handsome fellow, mouse color with black mane and tail, of Belmont stock, with a skin like satin and very swift; a great pet, will follow us about and lick our hands like a dog, poke his nose in our pockets or take a nip at our back hair. You ask who saddles the pony? We take entire care of the horses ourselves. (Mrs. Schermerhorn has one, too, just now.)

About one-third of the lot is fenced off for stable and corral, the former being used only for hay and saddles, etc. The horses are fed and kept out of doors altogether, except when it rains, all the year round, and it is no unusual thing for ladies to take entire care of them just as we do. There is a great deal of riding here, more, it is said than in any other town on the coast, and more than when I came, I think. A good deal of it is by my advice, for, like doctors in general, I am given to prescribing what I enjoy and am benefited by, and I suppose I average ten miles a day in the saddle.

It has not kept me perfectly well, however, and I have run down so much lately that I am worried about myself and have decided to go

up to San Francisco for a month, for a rest and change. I feel as if I would give a good deal for an icy wind, a glimpse of city life, and not least an escape from the constant hearing and seeing of the "ills that flesh is heir to. . . . "

Your letter with its account of my "own" made me feel a little homesick. How I would like to see you all, just for a little while. I never want to live in the east again, still less my old life; it will never content me again, now that I know what a broader one is. But I don't know now when I shall ever be able to afford that trip, for though my practice is increasing, so are my expenses. . . .

SAN FRANCISCO

Oct. 4, 1885: I thought that when I went up to San Francisco I should be perfectly delighted to be in a city again, but never want to see it as a representative. Pleasure will never take me there again. It is showy, loud, vulgar, and the outspoken immorality is enough to make your blood run cold. Its residents delight to term it the Paris of America, and so far as the moral atmosphere is concerned, it may well be so, but is quite devoid of the glamour of art and refinement which lends such a charm to the French capital.

I came back to Santa Barbara as to a refuge, a place of Arcadian innocence in comparison, though if I had accepted the letters of introduction which were offered me, and seen some of the real domestic life, aside from the hotels and boarding houses, I would have had a very different impression, I know. But one of the phases of the nervous exhaustion with which I was suffering was a morbid dread of meeting strangers, and people in general tired me dreadfully.

After my return, however, I grew a good deal better, and after going over the mountains on a three days' horseback trip, seemed to be quite well and have remained so, though I get tired sooner than I used to when I first came here.

I wish that you could see my little home on State Street. It is called one of the prettiest in town and now that the lawns and vines and flowers are flourishing, I am quite proud of it. The bay window in front is a mass of lobelia, and at each edge of the bed pale pink verbenas; on the south side the masses are all deep scarlet, maroon to yellows.

The group of canna and banana — eight feet high — is fringed by caladium and Australian papyrus, and, still further out, by some rare varieties of coleus. A scarlet passion vine runs riot over the trellis, and roses planted as slips in March are already blooming. Geraniums we don't pay any more attention to than if they were weeds. Great bushes of them are growing down in the corral where the horses tramp them down. I have actually seen them climbing up to second story windows here. . . .

Dec. 17, 1885: I send a photo of my home, my friend and self, with our respective steeds which are very important members of our establishment. . . . My "extremely swell" new habit does not show, but we can't have everything in this world. . . .

[In January, 1886 her landlord notified her to move from this charming place in the 1100 block of State Street, and she had a home-office built in the 100 block of West Victoria Street.]

Dec. 4, 1886: . . . The friend who lived with me for two years was obliged to go east last May, and I have been living entirely alone ever since. A woman comes once a week to sweep, etc. I take my meals in the best boarding house in town, about a square distant — just take my parasol and go over without a bonnet or gloves. A man takes care of my horse, having those of half a dozen others on his hands. Another takes care of my grounds in the same way. And I am as comfortable as possible and not at all lonely.

THE MISSION CENTENNIAL

We have been much excited and interested lately in our city Centennial. It was a very unique affair and well worth seeing, as all pains were taken to revive old scenes and costumes.

I am told that E. P. Roe, who is spending the winter here, has written an account of it for *Harpers Weekly* and that it will be illustrated, so you can gain some idea of it. The Centennial arch and procession on Monday and the ball on Wednesday night were the best. The dances were the most beautiful I ever saw. And many of the dresses were very elegant, nearly all old, and with a history attached.

The one blot on the affair was a rodeo and bull fight, which was gotten up by the Spanish element without the consent of the rest of the committee. It was advertised as an exhibition of fancy riding, and I went with a party of friends in the saddle, but all we saw was the lassoing of some horses. The lasso was thrown so as to catch the poor creatures' feet while they were plunging wildly about, and they were thrown to the ground in that way.

One valuable, handsome animal was thrown in a complete somersault and instantly killed. It was the most brutal thing I ever saw, and after waiting in vain for the riding we expected, we beat a hasty retreat as we saw them bringing in some bulls.

I send you with this a little belt-satchel of the Spanish leather work, all cut with the knife and the design improvised as worked. It is something belonging especially to this part of the country, I believe . . . .

* * * *

A fragment of a letter from Dr. Belcher probably sent east in the spring of 1887 after an operation contained some details of the illness to which she succumbed in May, 1887:

It is still exceedingly doubtful whether I shall recover as before and be able to lead an active life, or whether I shall be more or less a chronic invalid with a probability of sudden death, which, I earnestly hope, in such a case would come quickly.

I wish you could look around the walls of my room at six lovely

etchings, all choice artists' proofs, and one or two, rare, which Mr. Turner sent last week to "cheer my sick room." There seems no end to his thoughtful kindness.

I am rather blue this morning, for two of the dear friends who have done much to cheer me during my illness left on the steamer last night, and another, a gentleman, died at daybreak. Not unexpectedly, for I have known it was imminent for some days, but he and his wife and sisters have had much to do with the pleasure of my life during the last year, and now they will leave and I will miss them so.

Dr. Belcher died May 30, 1887 and was buried in a friend's plot in Santa Barbara Cemetery. Her tombstone reads, "Much Beloved."

*Santa Barbara County's Mystery Mission**

By Anna B. Lincoln Ellis

It was in the fall of 1949 that I attended a night school class, "Backgrounds of Santa Barbara," conducted by Mrs. Louisa Peck. In concluding her most informative class, she expressed her concern that many valuable Santa Barbara heirlooms were finding their way to out-of-town museums, or being destroyed, as there was no museum building here in which to display them. At the conclusion of the course she decided that an exhibit which would display these artifacts would arouse public interest and secure support for eventually building a museum.

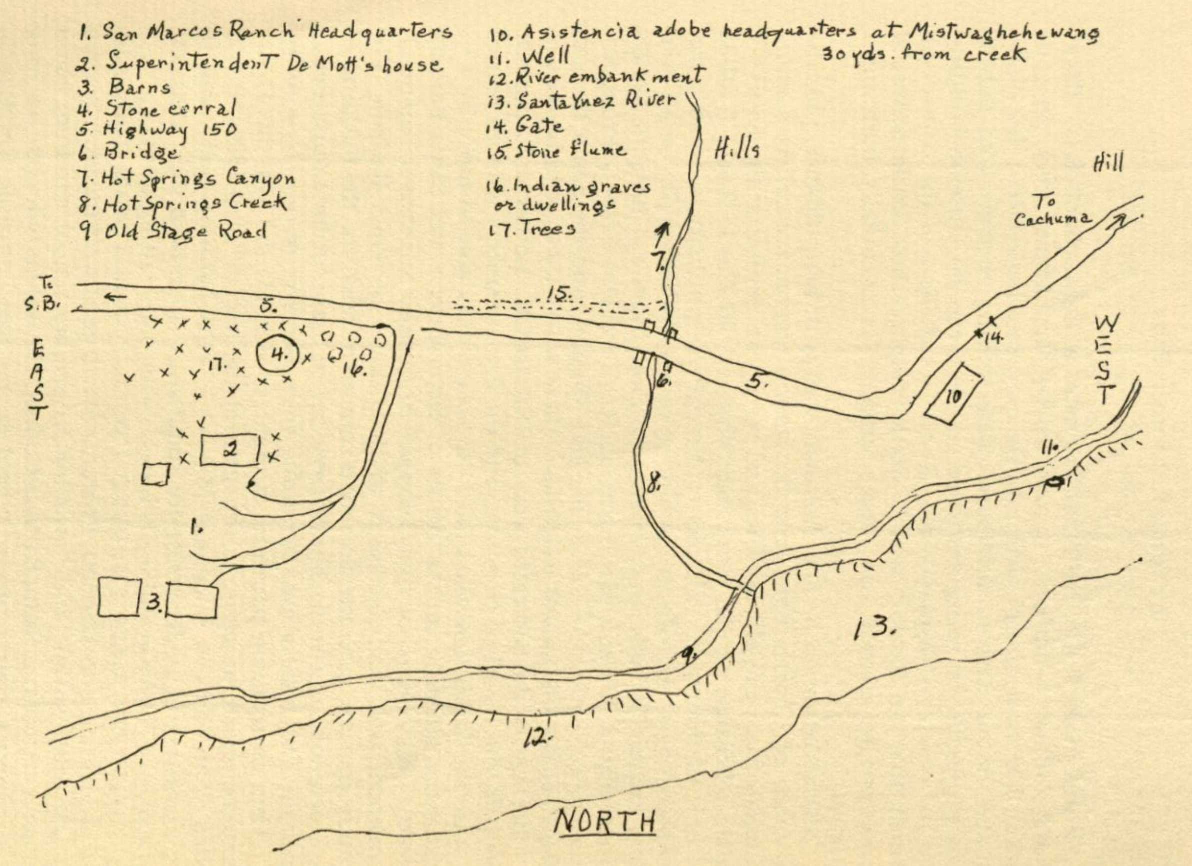
She asked me to be her chairman, and with her guidance, plus the assistance of Charles Black and his station wagon, we collected many valuables from the old families and set up an exhibit at the Faulkner Gallery. Because of the many paintings of old Castle Rock, I called it "Lost Landmarks." Thanks to News-Press publicity, we had a tremendous response from the public; so much so that we put on an even larger exhibit the next year, stirring up more interest. Under the leadership of Santa Barbara Historical Society President Francis Price, Sr., rooms were made available at the Old Mission, and the Santa Barbara Historical Society moved its artifacts there where they could be shown.

Because of the dedicated work of Directors W. Edwin and Andriette Gledhill, the Board of Directors, and the loyal members who all helped to raise the funds, ten years later the Society was able to move into its permanent building on the corner of De la Guerra and Santa Barbara Streets. This corner lot had belonged to County Supervisor Samuel J. Stanwood, who had deeded it to the County of Santa Barbara. The County in turn gave the Society a long-term lease for the building of the fine adobe museum. The Society can be thankful for Louisa Peck's foresight and inspiration, stemming from her love of our community.

One interesting painting brought to our exhibit was by Henry Chapman Ford, an artist in this area in the late 1870s to 1890s. It was called "San Marcos Asistencia Mission." This painting had hung in the Mission Inn in Riverside for some years. It showed the "Mission" with part of the roof and walls intact, other parts falling away.

About 1956 while I attended a summer session at the University of California, Santa Barbara, I had the privilege of working with Warren Menzel on a Social Study unit for elementary school children, about the early heritage of Santa Barbara County. He and his wife were teaching in Sir John Galvin's private school on his San Fernando Rey Ranch. One part of our study was to investigate the Asistencia Mission on the

*An asistencia such as this is not a mission, but earlier publications miscalled it that.



Map of San Marcos Ranch, c. 1950

Anna L. Ellis

San Marcos Ranch. Dwight Murphy owned the ranch at that time, which was famous for his palomino horses, and I contacted him. He was most cooperative, and made arrangements with his superintendent for me to visit the ranch and to later take the group of children to see parts of it.

He shared some of the following information with me (printed in the October, 1958 *Noticias*):

The Asistencia Mission (chapel) is about a quarter of a mile west of the present wooden ranch house (the first was adobe) and right beside the old Highway 150. (The present Highway 154 by-passes it.) It comprised a chapel and living quarters.

In 1804 Fr. Narciso Duran of the Santa Barbara Mission stated that the Santa Barbara Mission was in possession of all the lands of the Santa Ynez River area. The San Marcos Ranch was under the care and supervision of them. It was presided over by two padres for the care of livestock and for raising agricultural products. The "Asistencia" was established that year. East of the ranch was the Corral de los Prietos (yard of the dark people); these may have been the Indians who could have helped erect the "Asistencia."

When we took the children there to visit, all we could see were the crumbling ruins of the adobe walls and vestiges of the partitions, about one to three feet high along the sides and ends of the building. Apparently there had been four rooms and a covered porch. The adobe bricks were an unusual size, twenty-two by eleven by three inches. The strange mystery is that the Santa Barbara Mission Fathers have no record of this building or of having services there.

Leaving the "Asistencia" and walking north toward the Santa Ynez River, we came to the old Stage Coach Road which skirted the river from behind the ranch building. It shortly left the river to cut across a hill on the west and dropped into the valley where Cachuma Lake is now. Even today the hill shows a crease along the side where the road used to be. North of the ranch house at the edge of a low embankment of the river area, we could look down on a "well" which was located in a peculiar place. Part way down the embankment was a niche lined with smooth stones, laid in a semicircle to hold water. Perhaps the Hot Springs Creek may have joined the Santa Ynez River at that point.

Retracing to the chapel and across the old Highway 150, the Hot Springs Creek came down a canyon. Along the highway was a conduit of concave tiles which was used to divert the water to the ranch. These tiles were still there in 1950. They cannot be seen now since the road work, which raised Highway 154 high above old 150. Between the ranch superintendent's house and Highway 154 is a large knoll close to 154. Among the trees on top the Indians had built a large round *era* or threshing corral. They used stones from the river, cementing them together with mud, making a wall some two and one-half to three feet high. Flat stones were placed on the floor of the corral, and on top of these were laid flat tiles. When the grain was to be threshed, livestock were driven

around the corral to thresh it. Being on top of the knoll, advantage could be taken of any breeze to blow away the chaff.

Excerpts from an August 10, 1873 letter to the Editor of the Santa Barbara Press, by "Greaser:" "Life at the Red Hot Springs; Camp at Hot Springs near San Marcos Mission, Cal. Our party consists of sixteen ladies and gentlemen, and the "Hot Springs" near San Marcos Mission, twenty-three miles from Santa Barbara, is our destination, where we propose to camp. . . . Soon the stage will pass the Mission. We find a box and nail it to a post by the stage road for the driver to put our mail in. On it is painted "Mail Box for the Red Hot Springs. . . . " At the ruins of the 'Old Mission' we all carved our names on the walls, side by side with these great men: Tom Scott, Captain Jack, John Fremont and Sammy Webb. . . . "

On June 5, 1957, W. Edwin Gledhill, Director of the Museum, wrote to the president of the Santa Barbara Historical Society, Elbert S. Conner, concerning his conversation with the owner of the San Marcos Ranch, Robert O'Dell, to work together to preserve the historical landmarks there. Some excerpts follow: ". . . .As you know, the San Marcos was one of the original ranches of the Santa Barbara Mission, and it was occupied from the latter part of the eighteenth century. Vestiges of this use still remain, notably:

1. The ruins of the Asistencia adobe which are to be seen immediately adjacent to Highway 150 on the N/E side of a small rise near the entrance to the old San Marcos headquarters. The Asistencia, in Mission days, served many purposes. It was the headquarters for the ranch operations; it had a chapel for occasional religious services, and it served as a guest house to every traveler, regardless of race, creed or condition.

2. There is a vestige of the water works system used in Mission days which lies south of Highway 150 and immediately adjacent to the fence near the entrance to Mr. O'Dell's present ranch headquarters.

3. A well-preserved *era*, or threshing floor, which is located on top of a small knoll a short distance off Highway 150 and south of Mr. O'Dell's present headquarters. So far as I know, this is the only original *era* existing in California. It is paved with stones and surrounded with a low wall. . . ."

By 1846 Governor Pio Pico granted the ranch to the brothers, Nicholas A. and Richard S. Den for 1500 silver pesos. After Nicholas's death, the ranch was sold to C. C. Hunter in 1868 and later to William Pierce. In 1919 F. W. Matthiessen acquired the ranch, and a few years later disposed of parcels of various sizes, of which Dwight Murphy purchased the one with the ranch house. After his death Robert O'Dell became the owner. Since his death, his widow and son have continued to operate it.

Recently I drove to the ranch, and the superintendent kindly unlocked the gate to old Highway 150, and I drove around the hill to the "Asistencia." A part of the adobe wall still shows above the oats growing there. It is about three feet high and six feet long. An old ruin which will soon be a Lost Landmark.



Who are these Santa Barbara High School girls in front of the school, in the Gledhill collection of photographs at the Historical Society?

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Non-Profit Org.
U. S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara,
Calif.
Permit No. 534

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



The first camp in the oil derrick, 1912 Frances Franklin

Vol. XXV, No. 4 Winter, 1979

Shark spearing, c. 1920

Francis Franklin

Camping at Goleta Slough 1912 - 1924

Frances Dearborn Franklin*

To get to Goleta slough from Grandpa Sexton's big gray house on Hollister Avenue, we drove west on the two-way road, past Deu's store and the huddle of nondescript buildings which were to become Goleta. Turning left on Fairview as though going to the airport, we left the road at what is now Placentia Avenue. Here stood an ancient building we called "The Slaughterhouse," a remnant of the formerly burgeoning Potter Farm which had furnished fresh vegetables, meat and fruit for the tables of the famous Potter Hotel. We assumed that someone still did slaughtering there, and the stench was an indication. As we rounded the corner we met a row of sleepy, sullen buzzards decorating the fence-posts, no doubt waiting for tidbits. Our arrival caused them to squawk and flap away, their red heads and wrinkled skin imitating the carrion for which they waited. We called them "stinky chickens," delighted with their absurd attempts to get into the air. I find it hard to equate the graceful, soaring gliders we see floating in the air, with those unlovely, grumpy post-sitters.

The road was a dusty, ill-defined track interrupted by flimsy bridges which crossed dry streambeds and spanned branches of the slough filled with water at high tide, but too deep and muddy to negotiate in a car even at low tide. Coming home from camp one day in Uncle Horace's model T truck, "Dolly Dimples," I had two of "the little kids" sitting in the bed of the truck with their feet hanging down. I hit one of the bridges too fast, felt a bump, and anguished cries made me look around. I had dumped truckbed and kids into the middle of the road. When anyone mentions camp to them now and I am present, they recall the episode and say, "Remember the time you dumped us out of the truck?"

The Sextons had camped at Goleta slough long before the turn of the century and old photographs show a various collection of tents and canvas structures adjacent to a large expanse of water. Horses with buggies are tied to a fence. Theirs was called "Camp Lupine" from the dense growth of blue-flowered bushes which surrounded the site. To the north vast meadows of salt grass made pasturage for the cows of Kellogg's dairy. The first generation of campers built a flotilla of sailboats with keels because the water was so deep. When our turn came, the slough had filled up, the result of plowing the foothills, and at low tide we could walk across with very little wading.

*Frances Dearborn Franklin is one of the many descendants of the pioneer Joseph Sexton family who came to the Goleta Valley a century ago. The principal "children" pictured and mentioned by Mrs. Franklin are Mariette Beattie Miller, Clay Beattie, Lynn Sexton, Evelyn Dearborn Studebaker, Barbara Sexton MacLean and Effie Lou Sexton Burnham.

The vast beanfields of the More ranch ended with a white escarpment which beetled over our campsite known as "Chalk Rock." Mother's generation had worn paths all over it, even walking over "Cabbage Head," a protrusion in the chalk cliff which can still be seen, but by our time, the path over "Cabbage Head" had eroded, so we contented ourselves by making our own paths over "Chalk Rock."

With John More's permission, we made the first camp I can remember in an abandoned oil derrick not far from the edge of the slough. Made entirely of wood, it had a floor in the center of which the capped oil well oozed green water smelling like sulfur. At one end a tremendous round wheel with wooden spokes and a huge wooden shaft filled the area, affording us a display shelf for treasures we found on the beach. High above rose the wooden slats of the tower. The grownups surrounded its sides with long pieces of gray canvas, more for privacy than protection from the elements, as we always camped in July or August during warm weather. The next year vandals tore down the tower of the derrick and in 1914 a big winter's storm wrecked all that was left. We found the noble wooden wheel beached on a mudflat far to the west, where it stayed many years. Even with the derrick gone, we still camped in the same place, improvising our shelter with canvas.

We cooked on a kerosene stove and ate at a long picnic table with benches. We washed our faces in a tin basin in water we had carried from a spring far down the cliff. We had to go to Grandpa's for baths, but assumed we didn't need them because we swam so much.

An outdoor facility, a dug hole fitted with a proper wooden seat, protected by burlap walls, furnished a pleasant place for contemplation of the bees in the lupine bushes. High anise bushes ensured privacy, and to my contemporaries, sweet anise brings back fond memories of those solitary musings.

We slept in canvas tents adjacent to the living area, some of us on rickety wooden bedsteads with anaemic springs, two to a bed. Both occupants unfailingly found the center of the springs. We always had "cotton" sheets, wooly coverings which felt sticky from the salt air as you stretched out in bed. In another tent we set coiled springs on four apple boxes for the grownups, and the "little kids" had long woolsacks stuffed with straw in their own tent. One day Aunt Edna was making up the woolsacks when we heard her mumbling and complaining to herself about a dead rat which she thought had expired between the tents. When we finally noticed her distress, we pointed out to her that she smelled our Limburger cheese, stashed in our suitcase in the next tent. Mariette and I loved the cheese which Auntie was good enough to bring down for us. The cook banished it from the kitchen, so we kept it in our suitcase for a handy midnight snack.

Once Mother caused a furor when she tucked a short length of cotton rope into Aunt Edna's bed. Aunt Edna leaped out screaming that a snake had taken over. We calmed her with difficulty and couldn't convince her of the humor of the situation.

On the east side of the derrick we dug a hole for our nightly bonfires.



Kelp costumes, c. 1920 Frances Franklin

The "little kids'" job was to keep the woodpile stocked with driftwood, not an arduous chore, as driftwood was everywhere. Nothing was more beautiful than seeing a full moon come up over a roaring fire. We lounged on woolsacks and listened to the old folks tell tall tales of their youth; how they swung precariously from the brittle limbs of fig trees or played circus with barrels used for harvesting walnuts, till Grandpa put an end to their fun and made them get back to work. Some of the tales had a ring of familiarity, as many of their antics had taken place at that very beach. With no TV, radio or the many magazines which flood us now, we were glad to listen to the old stories, not only for entertainment but also for information. Sometimes we sang songs we had learned at school or ones from the old song books resting on Grandpa's piano. Many of these went back to the Civil War; "Tenting Tonight" appealed to me particularly; it was so sad.

We never lacked for things to do; there were areas to explore in the boats, shorelines to be studied and lots of time to read. Many times a day we went over to the sandspit, which formed the opposite bank of the slough, to swim in the breakers. The sandspit is now the present Goleta Beach Park, but in those days it was a pristine expanse of sand covered in some places with stickers and "beach apples." These little finger-length pods grew on a kind of wild mesembryanthemum and contained a sweet juice, fine for sucking out when the pods were ripe. We swam four or five times a day, drying off between swims by wallowing in the hot sand. We carefully waited an hour after eating before we swam again, having been warned that if we went too soon, we'd get a cramp

and sink. Modern science has now exploded that stricture. After a swim we built beautiful sand castles with turrets, porches and stairs, decorated fancifully with the material at hand.

No experience was more thrilling than swimming in the ocean on a dark night when the water was full of phosphorus. We posted a sympathetic grownup as a lookout, slipped out of our suits and dove into the frothing waves. Our activity sent great skyrockets of flashing light in every direction. Little fish darted like arrows out of our way as our bodies slid silkily through the water in an aura of white light.

My era saw bathing suits run the gamut of "bathing dresses" to one-piece knitted suits; bikinis were unheard of and would have sent the crowds I knew into a state of shock. The ladies and girl children wore decent dresses of dark cloth, gathered at the waist, extending below the knees with gathered sleeves to the elbow. Voluminous bloomers assured modesty. Our hair was confined in a "mob cap," cloth gathered by an elastic which always was too loose or broken. Lady swimmers just paddled daintily in the surf, but it was fun to have a wave spread your skirt like a ballerina's. Some ladies wore long black stockings with their dresses, as exposure to the sun wasn't in fashion; a milk-white complexion made you a lady. Men wore knitted wool suits with sleeves to the elbow, a little skirt below the hips with short trousers to the knees.

World War I changed our conception of modesty and produced a revolution in attitudes. Our first one-piece knitted suits allowed us greater freedom of movement; we wore rubber caps to protect our hair, so we could dive through waves and swim in deep water with vigor. No skirts billowed out behind to make us look like baby whales. An extra bonus was that the suits dried fast and were more comfortable.

The people in our camps were all related by blood, the various children of the original twelve Sextons. Some years Aunt Edna ran the show and Mother helped her; in later years Aunt Lucy supervised our menage. The "ladies," as we called them, prepared meals, tidied the camp and made beds. Next in line were "the girls," two cousins a year apart, who shared dishwashing and helped with the cooking. Last came "the little kids," brother and sister to the "girls," whose duties consisted of getting firewood, running errands and being the butt of orders from all ages. Cousins of various ages flitted through the routine from time to time. All of us held strong opinions and rebelled against some of the strictures, but the grownups knew what they wanted and were confirmed in the rightness of their demands. Rows brewed frequently with much heat and noise, but passed as quickly as they mounted. No one held grudges, but an individual was wise to grow a thick hide to shed the needling remarks made by people with long memories and a penchant for recognizing a tender spot.

When I asked Cousin Mariette what she remembered about camping, she answered immediately, "The time your mother swept you out the door." I can't recall what misdemeanor necessitated such forceful action, but Mother knew how to underscore her point. Discipline prevailed among the children, administered by grownups who had no doubt

about their ability to bend the twig in the right direction. Now I marvel at their assurance; they required no child psychologists to urge them to protect the tender, growing psyche. "Do this," "don't do that;" we knew exactly where we stood and how far we could go. Probably Mother thought she had good reason for sweeping me out the door, and cared not a whit whether such forceful action made me happy or not. Often I was unhappy, as pouting snapshots attest, but frustration didn't mar me. We made a disparate crew of campers: all ages, both sexes, all strong-willed and opinionated. But the grownups were in charge; we doubted their wisdom at our peril, learned to mask our doubts and abide by the rules.

Auntie brought most of our food from Grandpa's, but we had bounty at our very door, and spent much time on expeditions to harvest it. When John More's beans ripened on Mescalitan Island, we loaded everybody into boats to go fill gunny sacks with beans. All the youngsters complained bitterly about the interruption of their activities, the affront made more miserable by the clouds of mosquitoes that bit us viciously. Sometimes we might be rewarded by finding an Indian arrowhead, as the island had been an Indian burial ground where our uncles had found skulls, bones and arrowheads. When the grownups decided we had enough, we made for camp, to spend the rest of the morning shelling the mountains of beans. Being so fresh, though, they were delicious and worth the struggle.

Clams of many varieties abounded; on the mud flats we found razor clams, but you had to be a quick, skilled digger to get them. You looked for a spurt of water coming through the mud, plunged a flat shovel straight down by the spurt, and if you were lucky, you might bring up a long, narrow, sharp-shelled clam. We liked these fried. Down at "More's Landing," beyond the mouth of the slough, we rotated our feet in the small waves to find Pismo clams. Though these never reached the size of a true Pismo clam, they made good chowders. During our days at camp we found lots of them, but as strangers became aware of the delicacy, they brought down huge rakes to harvest them in quantity. In consequence, the clambeds were decimated and now the area has nothing but big sandfleas. One year we pried delicious little clams from soft, wet shale below "Cabbage Head." These the grownups liked to eat raw, exclaiming over their flavor, but they didn't appeal to us.

For going after mussels at "Fish Rocks" (now part of the University beach) we needed a very low tide. We paid no attention to the old wives' tale of eating shellfish only in months with an "R," but we did make sure that all the mussels we took had been covered with water at high tide. If the tide weren't low enough, we couldn't pry them off the rocks. Another reason we had to wait for low tide was to get around "Shark Point," a jut of rock located at that time where the road to the University begins its ascent now. When the road was built, bulldozers eliminated the rock altogether and most of the steep bank which led to it. Each year the beach was different; some years we couldn't get around at all, and others we strolled around with no trouble. Sometimes if we lingered

too long getting mussels, we found waves slapping the foot of the cliff and had to wait for an opportunity to run around when the wave receded. There really was no danger, but a wave could give you a nasty slap against the rocks.

On the morning set for the expedition we waded across the slough dragging our boats, and pulled them far up on the sandspit so the incoming tide wouldn't float them away. We plodded up the beach like a ragged army shepherded by grownups. To our short legs, the distance seemed very far, but now that stretch of beach is just a short walk. If one of the "little kids" whined enough because he was tired, one of the men might pity him and hoist him to his neck for a short ride.

When we arrived at the rocks, the children hunted small crabs, explored little tide pools left by a dashing wave and walked gingerly over the slippery, tar-covered rocks. To get the mussles, even though the tide was low, you had to gauge the opportunity to get to work, as brisk waves foamed up the aisles between the rocks where the mussels clung. The waves were fierce and strong, sending spray high when they hit the rocks, so there was some hazard of being swept off your feet. You spotted a likely bunch, waited for the special moment when the wave had receded somewhat and had a way to go, dashed in, pried frantically with the tire iron brought for the purpose, and if lucky, came away with a good haul. We put them, dripping, into gunny sacks, taking turns carrying them as they became heavier the farther we carried them. At camp we steamed them open, exposing their orange insides, grasped them by their little beards, dipped them in olive oil spiked heavily with garlic and gorged, not as gourmands but as gluttons.

Some years when this expedition was planned we could find no way around "Shark Point" on the beach, so to get around, we clawed our way to the top of the cliff to walk through the beanfield. This was fine for the grownups with shoes, but for the barefoot crew, the area could be agony. Sun beat down on the sandy soil and made it hot as a desert. We had to walk between the beanrows where the path was scorching. To solve our hotfoot problem we ran as fast as we could, then sat down and waved our feet in the air till our bottoms told us it was time to get moving again. Though this torture lasted only a short time, it is imprinted on my memory. From the beanfield we crossed a short distance of hot sand and stickers, then scrambled down an indefinite path to the cool beach again.

For several years "jerky" and camp were synonymous. On the ranch in Ventura Uncle Walter butchered a cow; then he invited friends and neighbors in to help cut up the meat. One year I was part of the cutting team and I can still see the vast piles of meat on tables in the dim light of the barn. We dipped the finger-sized pieces into salt water flavored with garlic and draped them over long wires in the sun, propping up the lines with a forked mesquite stick, like clothes on a line. We planned this operation when the weather was hottest, as the heat seared an outer skin on the meat. Yellow jackets haunted the lines, sticking their proboscises through the skin to suck out the meat juice. To cope with

this plague, we built smoky little fires under the meat for a not-too-successful smudge. We turned the pieces every day and if the heat had done its work, by the end of the week, the pieces were brittle. These we put into clean white flour sacks and took to camp. We could have a piece of jerky whenever we wanted, and we spent much time searching through the sack for just the right piece. We always had some in our pockets, and as we lounged for hours lying on the hot sand, we found ourselves eating as much sand as jerky.

One year the jerky gave rise to a small drama. We kept the flour sack in the belly-shaped zinc bottom drawer of an old kitchen table. One morning we woke to find "odor de skunk" permeating the whole camp. Subdued by the unknown, we went around camp with our fingers on our lips, making as little noise as possible. Finally, we deduced that Mr. Skunk had imprisoned himself in one of the fat drawers of the old table, lured, no doubt, by the odor from the jerky. What to do? We didn't want to irritate him; already he had perfumed the camp enough. Communicating with signs and whispers, the grownups decided to lift the table gently out to the sandy beach in front of the derrick. We were fortunate to have Uncle Walter staying with us and he had brought his gun. A circle of silent onlookers kept a safe distance from the offending table where we could hear scratchings and fumblings. Someone gingerly pushed the drawer out from the back and out hopped a cute little white furry ball. We glimpsed him for an instant; then Uncle Walter's shot rang out and the episode was all over. We felt sorry, but the fumes lingering around the camp for several days were enough to dispel our regret.

The waters and banks of the slough abounded in all sorts of living things to stimulate our curiosity. Small crabs scuttled along the edge of the water, fine to pick up just behind the pincers. An infinite variety of small snailshells littered the shore, in and out of the water. One year we found large, soft sea snails in the shallows, which gave off clouds of black ink when poked. Another year scallops gulped their way along among beautiful, colorful seaweed. When we waded in the slough, we made lots of noise, believing that we were scaring away stingrays who hid on the sandy bottom and couldn't be detected until they flapped away. They had a nasty barbed hook on their tails, which they could flash up and into your ankle when you stepped on one. The hook went in smoothly, but raked a jagged hole when the ray pulled it out. In all our years we never were stung, probably just lucky, but we tried to be careful. We never waded across the mouth of the slough because its soft sand was supposed to be swarming with rays.

Two kinds of sharks lived in the water, one, about two feet long, had a rounded body with gray spots. The other, called "shovel nosed," was about three feet long, flat, with a triangular head, narrowing to a tail with fins. Not real sharks, they were a kind of dogfish. They provided sport for the male members who spent hours shark spearing. They used a spear with the point at one end shaped like an arrowhead at the base of a foot-long metal shaft. This clamped to a wooden pole

like a broom handle with a light rope threaded through the opposite end. The hunter stood at the back of an anchored boat or inveigled a rower into keeping the boat in one place. He peered into the shallow water and when a shark hove into view, hurled the spear straight down, impaling the poor victim. Sharks had no use except to provide a "macho" feeling for the hunter. We tried cooking the fins, but found them poor eating. After Mariette had taken biology at the University, in one of the later years, she dissected a shark for us and we marvelled at its intricacies. The body contained a shark's egg in a shiny, triangular black leather case, complete with yolk.



After shark spearing, c. 1914 — Frances Franklin

Three boats made up our permanent flotilla, though we often looked after the boats of campers on the sandspit. The scow, an awkward small craft, square at both ends, had been built especially for the use of the children, but anyone used it and you could get somewhere in it, if you weren't in a hurry. For speed, we had "The Sunkist," a yellow, well-built boat, pointed at one end, flat-bottomed, and equipped with two sets of oarlocks. We tied these to the side with cord, as woe to the oarsman who lost an oarlock over the side. Two rowers could make "The Sunkist" skim over the water. Then we had a logy old brown boat, unnamed, capable of being rowed by two people. When filled with grownups, you pulled for dear life. During our later years at camp, young boat owners attached an Evinrude motor to the back seats of their boats and racketed over the water, raising the echoes. This was a sure sign of progress.

For several years Henry Simpson played an important part in our camping lives. A Goleta boy, a contemporary of Uncle Horace, he had been to the beach all his life and was wise in the knowledge of tides and weather, lore learned from his fishermen friends. He contended that you didn't have to get lost at sea if you had observed the direction of the swells. He was a delightful companion whom we considered our age in spite of his shock of white hair. We poured our troubles into his lap; he listened, amused; he consoled us, but didn't advise.

The love of his life was his home-made boat, larger than a rowboat, pointed at both ends, with seats. In the middle he had a large, stinking car engine which he had modified to turn a propeller. This he directed with two sticks attached to the proper parts of the engine. He spent hours tinkering with it, always surrounded by a crowd of small fry. We hoped he would invite one of us to go through the breakers with him to fish in deep water. Sometimes I would be the lucky one. We'd tie up to some kelp or just drift, shut off the motor and throw baited lines over the side, hoping for mackerel. Then came the test, because just riding up and down in the swells with nothing to focus on, became a real temptation to seasickness. Fortunately for my self-esteem, I didn't succumb. Sometimes our catch was plentiful; then we had trouble giving it away, but most of the time we caught only a few mackerel. But going out in Henry's boat was reward enough for me.

Going out through the breakers in a rowboat presented some hazard and always excitement. Where the waves of the ocean met the outgoing current of the slough, they formed "scissors," choppy little waves with no direction. It took skilled rowers to keep the pointed nose of the boat into the breakers; let one catch you sideways and the waves could dump you. Sometimes we went with Uncle Walter and Auntie through the mouth to deep water where they had a crawfish trap anchored to a buoy. I think setting the trap was a holdover from their youth, as only seldom did they bring up a dark red crawfish. We took it home to camp, plunged it into boiling water and had a feast.

When the tide was high enough, we rowed clear up under the bank at the present University grounds, and my sister says she has rowed as far as Goleta when one branch of the slough was at full tide. We could row around Mescalitan Island and along interesting banks covered with elderberries, carrizo grass and wild roses, unreachable except by boat. I have seen tidewater under a little Catholic church on stilts which stood on the corner of Fairview and Hollister. But when the tide was out, unlovely smelly mudflats exposed their bottoms, and if the tide was very low, we could explore the bottom of the slough itself. A particular smell characterized low tide: rotten weeds, salt air and an herbal fragrance, indefinable. Our joy was a small mudflat just behind camp toward Goleta. It was ideal for skating when the incoming tide had barely covered it with a thin film of water. We gathered there as the sun descended, barefooted, in bathing suits and slipped and slid amid gales of laughter and much showing off. The mud squishing between your toes was most satisfying. However, you had to watch



Skating on the mud flat, c. 1923 Frances Franklin

out for small snails waiting for the incoming tide, whose shells could cut your feet.

At the end of the little branch slough which formed our sliding place, where the water was shallow, we found the "gas wells." When the water was about six inches deep over the mud, we could see a stream of tiny bubbles spouting up through the water. If the water was too deep, the bubbles dissipated before we could see them. When water and bubbles were right, the male members of our crew placed the sides of a five-gallon oil can with the ends cut out, over the bubbles. Then, expending many matches, they tried to light the gas, amid our squeals of encouragement. My sister says they tried to cook potatoes over this makeshift stove, but all I can remember is the difficulty we had getting the gas to light. Perhaps those little bubbles were a feeble indication of the wealth of gas stored in those cliffs.

Sundays were the big days of the camp week; then relatives and friends of all ages came down for a swim or a meal. Usually they brought a contribution to our larder and their presence broke the monotony. In later years it seemed as if all Goleta came to the beach to visit campers across the slough or just for something to do. Teen-aged boys strolled over to chat with us. Their masculinity might have added some excitement to our mostly feminine world had we not read too many novels. These boys were God-fearing, dependable sons of farmers, able to turn their hand to any practical task, but somewhat lacking the finesse of cosmopolitan men of the world. So we gave them short shrift, tolerated them good-naturedly because they were male, but derived no thrill

from their presence. On Sundays they were useful in helping us form baseball teams on the sandspit. When we were too few, we played "work-up" or "one old cat," but when we had enough people for two teams, we played strenuous games. Our bases, paced off in a most casual way, consisted of mats of dried seaweed; we had one bat and ball belonging to someone, and Mr. Miller, who had the thankless job of umpire. He was a nice farmer, who loved to come to the beach; we had no awe of him, and sometimes our strident cries of outrage riddled his decisions.

During the week, interminable games of "500" held the grownups in thrall. They threw a red blanket over the dining table, lighted the Coleman lantern and predicted their triumphs as they dealt the fluffy, sticky cards. The salt air penetrated everything, swelling book pages and invading any food not tightly protected in can or jar. Their concentration on the game was intense; they brooked no interruption. They trumped, raked in tricks, often vehemently slamming down a card to underscore their luck or sagacity. Post-mortems of the nightly games furnished fodder for conversation the next day. When they lacked a player for a foursome, they pressed one of us older girls into service, willing or not. We looked sharp, suffered the arrows of unsparing critics, and drooped with sleepiness. I have hated cards ever since.

Visitors to the beach today complain bitterly about the lumps of tar which blanket the soles of their feet after a hike in the sand, and wrongly blame the oil operations for the seepage. The beach has been adorned with tar as far back as Mother could remember. I have read that the Chumash Indians used it to waterproof their boats. One of Mother's brothers worked in an asphaltum mine on the site of the University. Architects of a new dormitory showed concern over the location of the mine and enlisted Uncle Horace's help in pinpointing its exact location before excavating for a foundation. "Fish Rocks" bear thick coats of tar as do the rocks down by "More's Landing." At camp we always kept a can of solvent and a rag ready for the time our soles became too heavy. However, we usually wore our feet clean scuffing in the sand and cleaned up only when we had some town social event which demanded that we go to Grandpa's to bathe and ease our too-fat feet into tight shoes.

In the fall of the year, high tides or an upheaval on the sea floor strewed great bundles of seaweed laced with tar along the beach, making walking tedious and unpleasant. Hordes of tiny flies swirled out of the seaweed around our knees and sought our eyes. Sometimes these tides left a little sandy cliff about a foot high where the dry sand ended. We loved to walk along these, shearing off the bank with one foot. Also, the sea ripped up great roots of yellow kelp with long slippery strands which made excellent jump ropes. We girls draped the kelp leaves over our bathing suits, like costumes, and preened and posed for snapshots. The beach was a never-ending source of entertainment.

At the end of the summer, 1924, we packed up our tents for the last time, unaware that an era in our lives had passed, never to be recaptured. "The girls" had grown up; two were going to college, and

one had a summer job the next year, which allowed no time for lolling on the beach. No grownups could spare the time to oversee the routine at camp, and the pace of life for everyone had quickened. We didn't known our childhood was over, and had no regrets, as the future excited us.

Not a physical vestige of our camping can be seen today; "Chalk Rock" has been slashed by a road, the mudflats have been raped by bulldozers, and the present roads cover our campsite. During World War II Mescalitan Island became just a lump, most of it used for fill for the Marine Base, and now lies under the airport. The slough has been filled in to become a small tidal pond, bearing no resemblance to the majestic estuary we knew. Had not biologists at the University set up a hue and cry to rescue it from developers, it might have been paved over.

Memories of our camping linger vaguely in the minds of those still alive who participated, but as their numbers diminish, no reminders of a unique experience still remain.

A New Publication

The Historical Society's latest publication, a 64-page, magazine-size book, is entitled "Survivors." It is a photographic tribute to the remaining Victorian homes in central Santa Barbara, and to those who have preserved and restored them.

With its cranberry red cover and attractive pages of photos, descriptions and historical notes, the book is recommended as a Christmas gift for almost anyone on your list. It will be available for purchase at the Museum beginning December 1, for $5.00.

Funded by a grant from Mildred Siegel and her son, Richard Siegel, the book contains a sprightly article by Walker Tompkins, "The Victorians and the Yankees," and a background discussion of Victorian architecture by Mary Louise Days and Judith Orias.

Old photographs from the Society's extensive collections made possible many "then" and "now" pages, which are especially interesting and nostalgic.

Research for the book was done by students of C. W. Pursell, Jr., Ph.D., professor of history at UCSB, and by Museum Interpretive Guides Kathi Brewster and Pat Cleek.

Virginia D'Alfonso served as editor; Barbara Schneidau was co-ordinator of research; William B. Dewey took the photographs, and Keith Gledhill represented the Society in the preparation of the book.

— V. D'A.

The Historical Society is pleased to announce that we have the following new members as the result of a low-key membership campaign:

ACTIVE

Mrs. Norman K. Anderson
Mr. Orville M. Armstrong
Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Bastasic
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Carrel
Mrs. Manus E. Duffy
Dr. and Mrs. Blair S. Edwards
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Francis
Mrs. Barbara S. Funke
Mrs. Virginia A. Goddard
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Goodspeed
Mrs. LaVerne Gragg
Mrs. Hubert Hampton
Mr. Henry Huglin
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kelley
Mr. Harold Kirker
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lane
Mrs. Julia H. Macleod
Mrs. Rachel McClain
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Pattillo
Mrs. Lydia E. Prachar
Mr. and Mrs. Bert Remmers
Mr. and Mrs. David W. Robbins
Mr. and Mrs. Dana D. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Dean A. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Thor M. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Clair N. Stewart
Mrs. Gladys M. Trevey
Mrs. Ernest C. Watson
Dr. L. C. Newton Wayland
Dr. and Mrs. Dale Whitney
Mrs. Marvin G. Whitney
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Williams

SUSTAINING

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Aus
Mrs. Nealy A. Chapin
Mrs. William Ebenstein
Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Everote
Mrs. Karl Frick
Mrs. Thirza Joyce
Mrs. Margie H. Kerner
Mr. Thomas A. Long
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Norby
Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Oster
Mr. and Mrs. John V. Pollitt
Mrs. E. C. Scherrer
Mr. Guy C. Turner
Mrs. Vernon H. Vawter
Mrs. Philip D. Walker
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Williams

CONTRIBUTING

Albeon, Cal, Inc.
Mr. and Mrs. William A. Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer M. Awl
Mrs. Morgan Baker
Mr. and Mrs. Lester G. Baldwin, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Barnes, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bissantz
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Channell
Mrs. Stuart Collins
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hewes Crispin
Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Douglas
Mrs. George F. Drake
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Furman
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gray
Mrs. Eldon Haskell
Mrs. William C. Horner
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Lockhart, Sr.
Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Lowance
Mr. Wayne G. Kees
Gen. and Mrs. Winston W. Kratz
Mr. Philip P. Maxwell
Mr. and Mrs. Guy R. McComb, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meschler
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Monk
Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Riley
Mr. and Mrs. John Schaller
Mr. and Mrs. Harold V. Scollin, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Spaulding
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Spelke

ASSOCIATE

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bachmann
Mr. Royal A. Chapman
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Haas
Mrs. Harriet K. Maxwell
Dr. and Mrs. James R. St. John

FELLOW

Mr. and Mrs. W. Burns Hoffman

IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Pearl Chase
Mrs. Raoul Schumacher